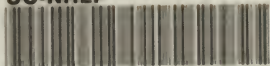


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# International Ties



MRS. MARY MCARTHUR TUTTLE

*This is The First Part of  
International Ties.*

*The Second Part was also finished and  
ready for the press, when the awful  
War - was announced. I shall wait  
now until peace is declared, before  
bringing out the final chapters, as there  
will be many dramatic incidents  
also! which will have to be introduced*

*Mary M<sup>c</sup>A. Tuttle*

*June 9<sup>th</sup> 1915.*



## WRITINGS OF MRS. MARY McARTHUR TUTTLE

International Ties.....	1915
Follow the Gleam.....	1911
Types of Men and Women (A Study in Ideality).....	1907-8
Autobiography and Correspondence of Gov. Allen Trimble; Published by the Old Northwest Genealogical Society, Columbus, Ohio; edited by Mary McArthur Tuttle.....	1907-8
Life of William Allen Trimble, U. S. Senator and Lieut.- Colonel, U. S. A.....	1905
First Two Chapters in "Crusade Sketches and Family Records." Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati, Ohio.....	1895
The Mother of an Emperor. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati, Ohio.....	1898
Historical Chart of the Schools of Painting. Andrews & Church, Ithaca, New York.....	1892
Correspondence Addressed to Professor and Mrs. Tuttle, by people of distinction, in the literary, educational and political world; edited by Mary McArthur Tuttle.....	1910-11
Six Lectures on Color:—I. Color Theoretically and Practically Considered. II. Color Applied to Interior Decoration. III. Color Applied to Exterior Decoration. IV. Color Applied to Pictorial Art. V. Color Applied to Indus- trial Art. VI. Color Applied to Dress and Costume....	1896
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# International Ties

BY

MRS. MARY MCARTHUR TUTTLE  
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A HISTORIC NOVEL

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Q VMD  
BQFLAO

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BY

MRS. MARY McARTHUR TUTTLE

HENRY MORSE STEPHENS



## PREFACE



WE HAVE adopted this form of a historic novel, or narrative, for the purpose of conveying information based on study and observation of the domestic, social and political order of different periods and different countries; thus at the same time presenting character in a somewhat concrete form. The scope and purpose of the work necessarily involves the references we have made, to some eminent writers, whose thoughts stand out like high rocks in the ocean, against which the surging billows of time have lashed in vain. The romance and poetry we have thrown about these hard facts, like the white spray of a fountain, enliven the scenes; and will, we hope, cause many a reader to reflect upon the important and interesting theme of

### *International Ties*

Hillsboro, Highland County, Ohio, April 1914.



Hillsboro Ohio  
November 16 - 1915.

Dear Professor Stephens:

My title and work may seem  
audacious to you at this dangerous  
period of History - although you  
make no such intimation - but  
never-the-less I wish to say to  
you, as my dear husband's  
successor at "Cornell", that it  
would interest and astonish  
you to know what an interest  
this book is creating among men  
and women who have not had  
time to study History but who are  
intelligent in business affairs, &c.

already into a second printing. I did not  
brunt a publisher, the turmoil of the world  
is too great for a person like myself to be  
mitten of in all the literary reviews, &c, and  
then I make more money handling it myself.

I sold Wendell's, and have not written  
if I send to submit my manuscript to  
Hear they would be glad to see it.

Yes: I hope to go to Washington to attend  
the Oratorical Association if possible,

Very sincerely Mary W<sup>m</sup> S. Shuttle



And the first scholars of this praise  
 it. Van Ness Myers, Venable, Randall, etc.  
 You were kind enough to say when  
 my Queen Louise book came out  
 that you quite like my way of  
 handling contemporary events in  
 different countries; and <sup>also</sup> the  
 romance I threw into hard  
 historical situations. That  
 encouraged me greatly. And now  
 if you will only take time to read  
 what I have written, and write me  
 some word that I could incorporate  
 in a leaflet of "opinions &  
 impressions" I expect to get out—  
 it would be an actual help  
 to me. The book is going now





Personality is the chief thing in life. A book, therefore,  
which is primarily concerned with personalities may find

*50<sup>cts</sup> per copy entitles one also to the II part  
when issued. Can only be obtained of Mrs Tuttle*

Opinions and Impressions

3649 VINEYARD PLACE  
Cincinnati

Dear Mrs. Tuttle:

Your familiarity with many aspects of the history of the  
European nations, together with your personal reminiscences of

Handwritten text at the top of the page, mostly illegible due to fading and bleed-through.

Handwritten text in a rectangular block, likely a list or a set of instructions, with some legible words like "List" and "of".

Large area of handwritten text on the lower half of the page, mostly illegible due to fading and bleed-through.

Personality is the chief thing in life. A book, therefore, which is primarily concerned with personalities may fittingly have, as an introduction, an interpretation of one who interprets personality.

Mary McArthur Thompson Tuttle, as an artist and a writer, for the last twenty-five years has illustrated how much a woman of delicate health can accomplish by constant industry and good judgment. The resources for the subject-matter of her literary and art productions are found in study, travel, observation, and, mainly, in an imaginative mind. To enumerate the titles of her writings and the subjects of her pictures would cause this sketch to extend beyond its purpose. James T. White's *Cyclopaedia of American Biography*, Vol. X, gives all details. This volume also includes an interesting and fitting article concerning Professor Herbert Tuttle, L. H. D., her husband. The date of their marriage was July 6th, 1875. They were married in Hillsboro, Highland County, Ohio, the town also in which Mrs. Tuttle was born November 5th, 1849. When studying art in Europe, she met young Herbert Tuttle, then Berlin correspondent for the *London Daily News*. Mr. Tuttle was a native of Vermont, a graduate of the Burlington University, and had, within a few years after his graduation, risen to a prominent and responsible position in Journalism. Later he became Professor of Modern European History at Cornell University. He also was the author of four volumes of "The History of Prussia." Both as scholar and teacher, his judgments and interpretations represent the true and the beautiful, and his opinions on European history are still sought for.

Immediately after their marriage, Professor and Mrs. Tuttle went to Berlin, where they resided five years. In this world center many cultured people, among them the literary coterie of the German capital, were numbered among their friends. During this period, Mrs. Tuttle studied art in Munich, Weimer, Dresden, Berlin, and also in Florence.

They traveled during their short vacations. In all of these years she has pursued the art of portraiture and landscape. In her widowhood, for Professor Tuttle died in 1894, she has painted two portraits of her husband, and these, one at "Cornell" and the other at the University of Vermont, his Alma Mater, both bearing silent testimony of love and devotion to one who indeed was worthy of the highest and the best. Her ability in portraiture also has been shown in the picture of her mother, Mrs. Judge Thompson, as well in those of others who could be enumerated.

Mrs. Tuttle now lives with her sister, Mrs. Rives, and her brother, Mr. Thompson, at Hillsboro, Ohio, in the old and interesting home built by their grandfather, the late Governor Allen Trimble. Her summers are spent in her "Apple Orchard Studio," Clifton Springs, New York, this cottage being the gift of one of her brothers.

There never was a time in the history of the world when high ideals in literature were more helpful to humanity than at the present moment. These are days when men languish under heavy burdens with spirits intolerably depressed. Therefore, we are glad to know that Mrs. Tuttle's book, "Types of Men and Women, a Study in Ideality," is to appear in a second edition. We also hope that "International Ties," so ably conceived and written, may help to uplift the hearts of those who no longer can see any glimmer of joy through

"The glare of the conflict,  
The cannon's deep roar."



# INTERNATIONAL TIES

## CHAPTER I. AMERICA

- I. SIR ROGER AND LADY CAROLINE *Ann Foster Jones.*
- II. THE COUNTY OF KING WILLIAM IS SURELY OUTDONE TODAY BY HANOVER COUNTY.
- III. HE STUDIED THE NATURE OF THE INFLUENCES UPON THE GREAT MEN WHO GOVERNED THE NATION AT THAT TIME.
- IV. A NATURAL LEADER.
- V. OUR KINSMAN ADDISON.



## INTERNATIONAL TIES

### CHAPTER I—*America.*

It was the 23rd day of February, 17—, (for readers of romance value dates sometimes as much as historians)—when Ann Foster looked her grandchild in the face and pronounced her opinion that “the child had an unusually sensible countenance.” Sir Roger, the grandfather, assumed rather a stern demeanor as he bowed over the tiny creature, as much as to say: “How foolish my dear wife to speak of an infant’s countenance, but then it is just like a woman! And a proud grandmother that you are!”

“The people, of Hanover County, are today very elated because of the young heir; I wonder Leicester does not hasten his arrival and congratulations from that side of the house. The county of King William is surely outdone today by Hanover County. The Leicester family was always peculiar—only my brave daughter-in-law who has not, I am glad to say, inherited her mother’s tendencies in this respect..” “I hope,” continued Sir Roger, turning a significant glance toward the room where the young mother and child lay embedded in all manner of laces and linen and flannels, “I hope my dear daughter is now resting in the enchanting scenes of Fairyland where she deserves to be after giving to the world a splendid boy—Ah! how glad I am our heir is not a girl.”

"Ah! there comes the unfair reflection," sighed the grandmother. "It is really sad that so wise a man as you should enter into this false sentiment."

"In the sentiment of imagination and sensibility, my love, there must always be a play of fancy.\* Think of the evils of society even in this primitive life. A man can stand all this better than a woman."

"Don't talk so loud—they will hear us," said the gentle-hearted wife. "The influence upon a girl of good example, of high morals and religion—even the influence of race is as perceptible as upon a boy."

"What has become of your son-in-law," said Sir Roger, looking around the house, "I cannot seem to find him."

"He has gone off," said the nurse, "for a short time."

"Quiet down," said Ann Foster to her restless husband. "What a splendid fire! How the old brass and brasset we gave the children reflect upon the hearth. Ah! the hearth stone—how great it is! The home now glorious, even for the poor, where the humblest industry is respected."

"Yes; it is a potent influence. The great men who govern this young Nation are forming the ideal character, for themselves, and for the Nation, by emphasizing the hearthstone. And they hold truth as the ideal attainment for our large growing families of young people, I am thankful to say."

Ann Foster Tomases was a woman enriched by gifts of the mind, a lovely companion to her husband in this primitive American life. One would not dare to mention in this twentieth century how many children they had, Sir Roger and Ann Foster Tomases.

"I can but wish and hope," she said, "that our kinsman Addison would come to America. How he could embellish the ideas which prevail in this country in his beautiful writings."

"A capital thought," said Sir Roger, "Our daughters need people with spirits more akin to their own; one as lovely as a Madonna and another as clever as a Minerva, while Diana, is justly named, my dear wife. She is indeed a nymph of the forest. Heigh Oh! Here comes Leicester—upon my word, with our son. Do you suppose he had to go and fetch him?"

The eldest son of Sir Roger had married the eldest daughter of Thomas Leicester, while one of the Leicester daughters married a younger son of Sir Roger. The oldest son of Sir Roger had reared, as the old Virginians express it, a large

---

\*The Life of Society. E. W. Brown. 1885. G. P. Putnam Sons; by permission.

family. Joseph, (named for his father), and Frances and Elizabeth and George and Leonard and John and so on were all grown to manhood and womanhood.

One day soon after the event referred to at the opening of this chapter, Thomas Leicester and Sir Roger were walking together through an Indian trail in the great primeval forest of King William County. They were companions—high born, well bred, talented, spirited; wide awake to the needs of the day. Leicester, "a square set man and honest; his eyes an outdoor sign of all the warmth within, smiled with his lips."

"It comes to be a question involving great difficulties—what our big families can do," exclaimed Leicester to Sir Roger. "Fell trees? Navigate streams? Govern estates? But this local limited life—notwithstanding the fertile soil and mineral wealth cannot sustain the mind of young people without society, and even the horse-back rides in the Potomac Valley are dangerous, unless that Valley receive a drainage. Caravans look very picturesque emerging from the dense mountain roads I admit, but if the pocket has to be filled with quinine, as Frederick the Great says, it changes human affairs considerably. I think I shall write to a cousin who has settled up in New England and inquire as to what they purpose doing with their young people."

"My wife thinks she has a solution for one problem," said Sir Roger. "You know, through the Cobbs, she is related to the Addisons of England, she intends to write to John Addison to bring his brother the poet and essayist to make us a visit."

Leicester laughed outright at the idea. "It would frighten those English literary cubs to see their relatives on this side of the water—although Joseph, your son, is as burly as John Bull himself. Didn't you tell me he weighs two hundred pounds and measures six feet two inches? What activity and strength!"

"Yes; but what about Joseph's beautiful wife? I venture to say she would fascinate them so that they would turn their eyes away from Joseph—and the sturdy sons of toil, such as you and I are."

"Thanks, your honor," said Leicester, bowing. "I trace my origin to Kings and Courtiers whose only object was the pursuit of pleasure. Certificates, Orders, and L.L. Bs, I confess, are not known to us—nor do we care for them. But we have escaped their contempt, so I beg your wife, Ann Foster Tomases, not to import one who is inexorable, exacting in matters of dress, posture, or pronunciation."



"You are right," said Sir Roger, "we are too unconventional, we brought with us the very best thing they have, as some Frenchman says, the sound, healthy, vigorous traditions of British liberty. And we left behind us, what was burdensome in the traditions of the old world, the oppressions, the mutual animosities and distrusting, the call for blood—all this you were enabled to leave behind you my good fellow."

"That may be, 'but by common consent Virginia, also New England, have taken on the English forms of government in the most distinctive and characteristic lines.'\* Now only think of it, they say when John Burton dies, his estate will actually number 40,000 acres, and of course it will be entailed."

"Well! These Old Dominion lands were granted to us as individuals, because of the tobacco interests. You mark my word," said Sir Roger, "some red-headed, hot-blooded man will spring from this soil and put an end to entailment."

"Nonsense!" said Leicester, "as long as I have my own private wharf where a ship from England can unload its cargo of tools, cloth and furniture, and take on a load of tobacco in return\* I'll not worry, nor indulge in speculations for the future."

"When my aunt Martha Taylor died, aged 83, her father, William Thompson, of the English Army, 1678, said James Taylor, of Gloucester, whose son Col. James Taylor, of Orange County, Martha Hobbs had married—'Presidents will come of you,' and sure enough they were the ancestors of Madison. I was then living at Blackwell Neck, Hanover County. There was then no town life in Virginia, but the demand was great, and still is, for cheap labor, and this has been supplied partly, as you know, by bringing Negro slaves from Africa; partly bringing the laboring classes from England.

"I believe the people who are settling New England in a large measure 'know political liberty is far safer in New England. A democratic type is developing there, while here an aristocratic and insurmountable distinction exists.'\* Our towns are growing very slow, while theirs are fast developing."

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\*Prof. John Fiske—Civil Government in the United States. Houghton, Mifflin Co.: by permission.

\*Prof. John Fiske—Civil Government in the United States. Houghton, Mifflin Co.: by permission.

\*Civil Government in the United States. Fiske. Houghton, Mifflin Co.

"Ah! yes, Leicester I have heard you talk this before. Let it go! What have we to do with it all as long as we are prosperous and rearing large families?"

"But I insist upon it. I do not wonder that young men like John are always referring to the town meetings in New England. Here our Vestry, composed of twelve men, exercise the chief authority. This is representative Government, you know, but up there it is government by a primary assembly."

"Certainly," said his companion, "but you mark my word—the future will turn to Virginia for consummate leaders—"

"And to New England, for intelligent people at large," said Sir Roger.

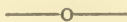


# INTERNATIONAL TIES

## CHAPTER II.

### FRANCE AND SOME OF HER PEOPLE

- I. THE LIFE OF SOCIETY—THAT, YOU CERTAINLY ARE.
- II. WHAT INFLUENCED THESE PEOPLE OF INTELLECT, IMAGINATION, REFLECTION AND OBSERVATION, TO LEAVE THEIR CHATEAU LAND?
- III. A FRIENDSHIP WITHOUT HYPOCRISY, BETWEEN MONSIEUR CHAUTEAUBRIANT AND CHARLES DE PRATTE, MARQUIS, COLONEL IN THE FRENCH ARMY; CHEVALIER OF THE ORDER DE ST. LOUIS.



# INTERNATIONAL TIES

## CHAPTER II—*France and Some of Her People.*

Just twenty years later than when our story began, also in Virginia, one of the transmountain counties, some French people settled, progressive in their ideas and purposes, and, according to the French character, they were students; the younger among them passed through scholastic training it is said, in distant States, whilst those who remained at home employed tutors. One of these French tutors was filled with enthusiasm over the new country, its fine climate, its scenery—indeed he wrote back to his home: “It is almost as perfect as beautiful France.” He was filled with sympathy for the popular rights against privilege and patronage demonstrated in young America; and he urged his friends to take the voyage and experience these facts for themselves. Especially did he urge one of his former pupils who allowed him the honor of writing to her occasionally—Elise de Languelot. She related these matters to the Marquis Charles de Pratte, Colonel in the French Army, Chevalier of the Order de St. Louis.

“You know,” said she, “you may not believe as he does, but then I feel sure you would not break the lance with him over his theories, even if you think they are wanting in common sense.”

"The French," said the Marquis, "are incapable of considering danger dispassionately—even the Parliamentarians are full of ardor and fire when action is in question. You must admit there are many dangers attending a voyage to America, and also in the life people lead there." He said this more to arouse the fire in her eyes than for any direct reason.

"I do not see," she exclaimed, "how to break away from so much routine and selfish conceit and delusion, as one encounters here; how it would be dangerous to break away and go to America." The dash of fire in her eyes was indeed beautiful and almost dangerous at that moment.

"When do you all purpose starting?" inquired the Marquis, in non-chalance manner, as if it did not concern him in the least.

"Just as soon," said Elise, "as Monsieur Chauteaubriant and his family can dispose of their Chaateau. He expects you know to go to the western waterways with some of the French explorers. They predict that some day in the near future cities will grow up on the sites of the French forts."

"What deluded souls they are," exclaimed Charles De Pratte. "You French Protestants have tried now four times to get your rights, as you term them."

"Will Monsieur pass that subject by? It is not agreeable to me. Monsieur Chauteaubriant will examine and report on the physical conditions of the country, and Rosalie, his lovely wife, my bosom friend, will aid him. Monsieur Roberts as an officer, will follow the military there as here, and his wife, so splendid a Huguenot, with her young family, will settle, she tells me, in Maryland, near some relatives of theirs who have been in America for years. Of course Madame Le Roberts will establish her strength of character there, as she has here in beautiful France."

"Continue!" said the Marquis. "This is all right for Chevalier De Chauteaubriant—to join the French Colonists or to join Dr. Antoine Francoise and purchase lands whilst he studies conditions in Ohio. These people you mention, your friends, are people of fine minds, clear opinions, and strong wills, and can report that which is useful. But what bitterness, Ah! what sadness, do I experience when I see you are really about to attach yourself to a set of adventurers—bound for a foreign port—you dashing, splendid, clever woman; of high lineage; proud nature; austere, even—a belle! a beauty! Ah! what can you do in a wilderness? Horrible! Die of ennui I suppose. No! You shall not go, I vow! You shall not go!"

She rose and fixed her swimming eyes upon him.

"And dwelt a moment on his kindly face;  
Then calling down a blessing on his head"

She remained speechless and the Marquis was silent. There came to his mind the reflection that up to this time, he had lived a life that a furnace lives, when it only has a surface heat, putting fuel on all the while, yet there was something in his life and breath that choked it up. The woman to whom he appealed, Elise Catherine Langnedot, was the life of society in his belief. He determined then and there that she should not go to America.

"You are altogether too ignorant, Monsieur le Marquis, of America. You call it a wilderness. That is simply absurd."

Without apparently paying any attention to what she said, he continued: "Say thy paternosters in thy own land. What if you came of the race of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, thy notions of the sanctity of thy religion are simply the result of the influence of habit and usage of the race. These may still tell upon thy character but the influence of a sensible man's will, must also tell, and I say you shall not emigrate to America."

At that moment Chauteaubriant's card was handed to her on a silver tray by the servant.

She rose and said: "Ah! how glad I am to see you! Be seated."

The Marquis moved uncomfortably in his chair, rose, extended a cordial hand-shake, while he ventured to say: "You come with news, I suppose, for our friend?"

"Yes," said Chauteaubriant, "We have sold our Chaateau, and will start—"

"Spare us!" exclaimed the Marquis. "Enthusiast! You talk as if you believed in the breaking down of National boundaries, even to the surrendering of our most glorious women to foreign countries. Shame on such Frenchmen."

Chauteaubriant laughed. "You will admit, I suppose, that America is sending able men into diplomatic service. Two very representative men have arrived in Paris and from Madrid the other day. One comes over from Holland where he has been engaged in negotiations for his country. The wheels of young America are everywhere set in motion. Do you not suppose that for such women as our friend here that there await rays of glory which will illuminate her pathway in the new world and transform her into a heroine?"



"She is that already," said the Marquis. "Look at her proud expression. She is destined to be a conqueror in her own country. Inevitable conquests await her. Although she is religious and devotional I think she has always been skeptical about me. I, who have moods, she does not like, and she sees, Chateaubriant, that at times with me life is an effort. For that she has no toleration for she believes the Kingdom of God is already come—is within us—and the Kingdom of Heaven is to her almost a reality—Happy woman! She has almost, you see, attained to the rest of mind which self-knowledge brings."

"Continue," said Elise, "this is delightful to be analyzed and understood by one's friends."

"You are getting in return what I have always observed about you—how much you are given to analyzing other people. You can divide them, simplify them—like compound substances. Now you see the Marquis is analyzing you and this member of the French Academy in whom you feel so interested."

"Do you not think, Monsieur," said she, "that he has a heart as intensely kind as ever God gave His creatures—this great French economist?"

"Yes," said Chateaubriant, "he is the political guide of my life. There is no other man just like him. If only he would go to America with our party, how splendid it would be!"

"There! See!" cried out the Marquis, "trying to get another important person out of France; amazing ingratitude, Chateaubriant—amazing! If you all will give up this foolish project and remain in France, I promise to help you in all your undertakings, and we can reap a harvest of gold and silver in beautiful France. See to it! See to it, and stop this wild adventure."

# INTERNATIONAL TIES

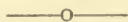
## CHAPTER III.

### GERMANY

"A PACIFIC COASTER."

"THE LEVELING TENDENCIES OF GROWING REPUBLICANISM."

THE GENIUS AND GREAT PERFORMANCES OF THE GERMANS FROM  
"THE GERMAN STANDPUNCKT."



# INTERNATIONAL TIES

## CHAPTER III—*Germany.*

One of the ablest historians of general history claims that three years after the death of Frederick the Great "the age of the people" was ushered in.\*

The reader will remember that the Americans and French whom we have so far considered lived more or less between 1719 and 1800—that is the French Revolution was over. Frederick of Prussia had died "the enlightened despot" as another historian calls him, while admitting that he was a great King who dug canals, constructed roads, drained marshes, encouraged agriculture and manufacturers and improved in every possible way the administration of his government. "And beyond this," says his just historian, "he was a philosopher and a poet. The battles of Rossbach, Leuthen, and Zorndorf had made all Europe acknowledge that he was one of the greatest commanders in the world."\*

When William Pitt Lord Chatham held the key to the situation in America, Frederick exclaimed: "England has at last brought forth a man,"—so we see what type of man a German of Frederick's calibre admired. The youthful Major General Wolfe on the Heights of Quebec, when the French

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\*Prof. VanNess Myers—General History. Ginn & Co.; by permission.

\*Prof. Herbert Tuttle—Frederick, the Great. Houghton, Mifflin Co.; by permission.



were surrendering to him, another man who called forth a victory which awakened Frederick's admiration; and a victory which gave Quebec to the English. French and Indian war becoming blended with the Seven Years' war of Germany; France, Austria and Russia defeated by Frederick—great questions were being settled. North America now would belong to the Protestant Anglo-Saxon race and not to the Catholic Latin race. Prussia and not Austria would henceforth be leader of Germany. Silesia belonged to Frederick. The Peace of Paris, and the Peace of Hubertsburg, were signed.

In the early part of the 19th century it was not so customary for Germans to travel to America, although many and very wise ones had come to this country for various reasons, some to study and observe and write up the habits of the people as well as the aspects of the country. Even a celebrated water colorist went to South America to study scenes and customs. Recently we have a book written by a German, who undertakes, in an able manner, to defend America and her customs and characteristics against the criticism he has heard from the English regarding us. He says: "The disintegrating revolutionary wave of Internationalism has shaken some of the oldest empires to their foundation and, as a natural result, left a large number of new national centers consolidated and claiming today a world recognition generally on an economic basis.

This writer further remarks, in his comments on America: "The American derives a greater pleasure from his work than anything else. Whether the thing he is busy with is a shoe-string manufactory or a large suspension bridge, his whole soul is in it; and to all appearances he is more aglow with interest about the venture itself and its success, than about the money it brings. Yet the American is accused of loving money."

"It is easy," he said, "to find people who have lived in the United States a couple of years and yet are truer, better, and more genuine Americans, than others whose ancestry goes back for twice as many generations.

(Another German spoke as follows to his wife upon his return from his travels. "Ah, Gertrude," said he, "where errors rise they come in battalions—and errors, my dear, are not confined to localities and places. I shall never forget one of the journeys I made while studying America. I met, on this trip to California, at the breakfast table, a very talkative and most entertaining young woman. She called herself 'a Pacific Coaster.' As she listened with credulity to the stories

of Asiatic hunters who pursue with eagerness the traces of tigers and 'whose courage always rises with the occasion,' I returned the compliment, during the journey, of paying strict attention to her recitals. Among other stories she related one of a certain gentleman and his wife, not from 'Nob Hill,' she emphatically observed, but from a less important suburb some twenty minutes from San Francisco. Their home, worth fifty thousand dollars, with luxuriant plate, flowers and fruits. 'But alas,' said she, 'my brother wrote me to leave the place at once—why, I will tell you later.'

"Now remember she was relating this to me, a perfect stranger. I was shocked, but did not let her perceive it. She seemed only preoccupied for a moment in arranging in a more orderly style the contents of her Japanese satchel, into which 'on starting,' she said, 'she had put a change of linen, a princess dress, the royal game of Kings and Queens, a little book entitled 'A Race Around the World,' a jar of raspberry preserves; a can of biscuits—'Ah, dear! There!' said she, and slambd it together once or twice and went on talking. 'I adore my mother. I wish you could see her,' said this jolly girl. 'She is the mother of eight children; we never kept servants or domestics—only once we tried it and mother took a girl by the name of Ellen Baxter. She wore new shoes and trod so heavily on the floor mother could not stand the noise. She parted her hair at the side and amused herself whistling all day, which almost distracted father. She was the exact height of Venus of Milo. Ellen Baxter had climbed Pike's Peak without losing her breath, so she told us; and had kept boarders later on in Colorado for seven people, which ended in giving her a brain fever from which she had just recovered. One day mother said: 'Well Ellen, our household economics do not need you as the winter approaches. Your idiosyncrasies and ours would not agree, I fear.'

" 'What, for words, are you trying to throw at me?' cried the girl, getting very red in the face. 'But I want you to know you can't hurt me that way. Some of the folks who boarded with me flung worse ones at me sometimes. But la! I'd jist go on the same as if I was still climbing Pike's Peak. But la! If you don't think your house needs a cleaning before the winter days comes, it's nothen to me, I want you to know.'

" 'There, stop, Ellen,' remonstrated my mother. 'I have all my life been a diligent housekeeper and know full well that the October days should be used for having rugs and carpets whipped and aired in the sun, floors repolished, windows

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\*Baron von Traube. In *Defence of America*. London, by permission Stephen Swift & Co.,

washed, etc., etc., etc., but this year I have decided to give October a rest as well as myself, and neither go into the kitchen to make grape jelly nor pumpkin pies, nor apple nor quince jam; nor to clean house in any extra fashion—but to sit down at my piano and practice some fine music; to sit in my library and read some good books; to drive out in the sunshine and let November take up the neglected duties.'

" 'That's all fine talk,' said Ellen, still standing and casting her hard grey eyes on every thing near her, 'but if you don't be sorry that you let me go and let the full blaze of October sun pass by, then I'll never say again that October corn is the sweetest that grows.'

" 'Perhaps,' said my mother, 'I'll give everything, after all, into your strong hands, Ellen, and let you do as you think best.'

" 'Sure enough, it was decided that year that 'hard work, the best medicine of the soul,' was given into Ellen's hands. Father took on a severe, independent attitude—the economics of the household unraveled, 'what philosophy could not,' mother said; and she smiled from over her books or nodded approval to Ellen as she sat at her piano playing an etude of her young girlhood.

" 'The time had come, I saw, when I could pack up my satchel and start. The complexity of life before which I had always been skeptical and powerless, scattered like a shadow. Father said I had borne the jarring influences of a big family well indeed, but that I needed resolution and courage, and that this trip would give it to me. You see I am just winding it up now and on my way home again; am now 'a travelled young woman.'

" 'Alone, dear me!' I said to myself as she bade me adieu. How she did while away the tedious hours. I threw aside my overcoat lined with the tiger skin, Gertrude, relic of Asia, and said to myself, 'What would Gertrude and our German women say to such a person?' I determined to follow up the subject and dot down in my book some conclusions, so one day I asked her, 'And what will you probably do or what will you like to do after all this travel?'

" 'Run a printing press,' she answered, fast and sharp, on my question. 'Not the great new machinery, you understand, whereby you can hurt your fingers or injure yourself physically—but run a paper; and I would write a column a day under the title, 'Evils I have seen under the Sun.''

" 'It had come now to where I had to laugh aloud. It was too rich.



"What evils, pray, have you seen under the sun?"

"Plenty of them. You don't suppose I have lived in that big Western world up to the edge of twenty-five and not observe how much is to be bettered, do you? When women get their votes they will edit papers and expose evils."

"Certainly," I said, "If women are determined to compete with men I suppose they might as well edit papers. Women will have much bitterness to meet which their home life now shelters them from. Competition, for example. You know Gutenberg had scarcely perfected his printing press before his creditor Faust snatched his invention and made it his own resource for wealth, and Gutenberg died in poverty, etc., and so it goes. Such has been the experience of men; and I ask why do women want to assume such business and political cares when the consequences will be more than they can bear?"

"A perfect home is the highest achievement for women," I continued, where no ruffian or unbeliever in domestic and household economics need appear unless he delights in the laugh of a child and enjoys the climbing roses or likes to stir up the fire on the hearth stone. The miasm of the morning with its cares and perplexities will alone disappear when the husband and wife consult together the devious ways out of it. Or if, as it often occurs, a sister presided over the home of a bachelor brother, let her learn not to attack him with questions about the next meal while he eats his breakfast; let her learn to be diplomatic. The most skeptical bachelor will be recreated if the temper of the house is one of patience and serenity and sunshine. These virtues can even overthrow miscreants. An Imperial Chancellor can be caused to lose his balance if the mail hour is not strictly observed in silence. Women should not speak to men when they are reading letters or their newspaper. \* \* \* \* \*

"Really, Felix, you must have talked the girl to death!"

"Famous! No, Gertrude; she invited me to visit them at Nob Hill. On my arrival, the father and she met me. What do you think? He was a *German!!!*—enormously rich I afterward learned—had struck California just at the right moment. His wife was indeed a splendid woman; fine housekeeper and the mother, as the daughter had told me, of eight children. They entertained for me and came near persuading me to send for you and settle in America. But the big talk, the big figures, and the big areas nauseated me; and I thought of our consolidated country; of its history; its art; its literature; its music and of my home! And I began to feel that although some of the exiles of '48, had attained to wealth and power in

politics, yet I must hasten home to aid in Germany the progressive ideas there developing. Now, dear Gertrude, I have told you all I have to tell beyond what I wrote. Tell me, I pray you, all that has transpired beyond what the papers and your letters conveyed to me. As an editor, I like to be informed twice over, especially about politics."

"Well, first of all," said Gertrude, "I intend to give a big dinner in honor of your return, and then you will hear politics discussed sure enough. They tell me it gets worse in the Reichstag every day."

"Good!" said Felix. "There never was anything better than a big German dinner party—glad you thought of it. I want to hear the men talk who conscientiously hold opinions which I can legally publish."

"Ah! be careful Felix. Instead of snatching them, they may snatch the editor; but we will go tomorrow and sit in the gallery and listen."

"That reminds me to tell you I could not bear to hear our King misrepresented. The German character is oftentimes suspected. I found, because of the indirectness of our expressions. It causes an element of misunderstanding to culminate about even the throne. I really think the travelled German is the very best fellow in the world at large. The Americans I found count our country great! The Reformation; the press; our literature, music. They seem to know Luther, Gutenberg; Beethoven, Goethe. It is wonderful!

The following notes were made by Herr Felix von Luebke for his paper, while he and his wife sat in the gallery of the Reichstag the next day:

L—— is a master of parliamentary law, but I could but wish he knew more of International Law. There will come a time when we all must understand that the Bible says "The Lord has a controversy with the Nations," and that will be shown sooner or later. L—— is very sarcastic—he is like others—is *der Geist der stets verneint*. He really doesn't believe in his government but for the ample salary it affords him. Some day he will probably be in the Judiciary, but now he is a part of the scheme. While T—— is a Liberal, without hesitation. He holds fast, however, to the doctrine "that many other Germans do that Nature does not command man: man is the measure of all things; masters Nature, not by obeying, but by prescribing laws to her."

\* \* \* \* \*



The dinner party at Herr von Luebke was in readiness. Several members of the Reichstag and the Landstag had arrived when one of them remarked to the gnädig Frau, "I cannot imagine what detains your husband and Herr Kattlenberg. He was called out only a moment ago."

"Never mind!" said another, "it only gives us a better chance to talk this fearless and unreconcilable radicalism. What would Goethe think of us. To sit for Frankfort-on-the-Main is no easy matter now-a-days."

There was a tremendous stir just then in the corridor! The hostess fainting! Men running with glasses of water to restore her! Whispers going the rounds that Herr Luebke had been thrown into prison because of some utterances in his paper contrary to the Throne!

# INTERNATIONAL TIES

## CHAPTER IV.

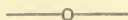
### ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND

"OUR MEADOWS HAVE A DIFFERENT GLOW," SAID THE OLD RETIRED BRITISH OFFICER.

GOVERNOR ST. CLAIR.

FACE TO FACE WITH A BRITISH OFFICER.

THEIR STOUT HEARTS WERE FAINT AND MARGARET STOOD GAZING AT AND EXAMINING THE BADGES FOR THE LAST TIME IN HER SPLENDID HALL IN SCOTLAND.



# INTERNATIONAL TIES

## CHAPTER IV.—*England, Scotland, Ireland.*

"There, that is better on this cot, here in the sunlight under the great forest trees, to watch the flickering of the birds and the bounding of a deer in the water, but I miss the picturesqueness of the Mother country every day of my life," said the old retired British officer. "Our meadows have a different glow, and the ancient buildings take on a charm with their ivys and mosses—but then who would imagine that I care for those things?"

"It is easy to understand how these dense forests and rough roads depress an Englishman. Yet you know your countrymen have always claimed that they wanted not what they already have—but new lands, fresh opportunities, religious freedom, etc. My paternal ancestor, Governor Bradford, under whom, as of course you know, the Pilgrim Colony was founded, used to tell me the Mayflower people, two hundred and six, sailed for Virginia, but chance carried them to Massachusetts. Now chance has brought me to Virginia."

"Well that's the way with us all," said the old soldier groaning. "Marcus Aurelius reasoned—if it be that the gods deliberate over the issues of life and destiny then the consequences and coherence of this deliberation which happens unto each

of us in particular, we are bound to embrace and accept. You see the good heathen only used *gods*, where we have the holy revelation of saying *God*."

"You must not talk too much—it might excite the fever again."

"Never mind that," said the old veteran.

"What was that that stopped me from telling you about that beautiful Golden Wedding I attended at Kippington Grange, just before I sailed? The names of your ancestors are inscribed in the Parish Register. There are now five young men in the family and I hope to get my sons associated with them. Robert, the oldest, wants to go into the Church. It was a beautiful sight when the Rev. Canon was surrounded by the aged couple and all the children and great-grandchildren. And his remarks were beautiful. 'This family has flourished as the palm tree and grown as the Cedar of Lebanon,' the Canon remarked. Fifty-five children, he said, grand-children and great-grand-children have accompanied this aged pair to the altar where they now kneel, thanking God for their good, sixty years of happy wedded life. It was stated that their relatives in America have twenty children. The little tots were dressed in white with wreaths of forget-me-nots on their heads."

"I do not know," said young Burton, "as to the twenty children, but one of the family was appointed by the Governor of Virginia, in early days, to be one of the eight Justices of the Peace. You know each county had a number of justices, and every county had from one to three parishes. The county was the unit of representation and the representation sat for counties in the Colonial legislature."\*

"They were my mother's people," continued he. "She was away back of the Cavalier strain; the great mass from England who started to Virginia tired out with the war and strife and who wanted to escape the Commonwealth."

"That's right," said the old officer. "You are perfectly right. Do you know there were many of them royalists? Dear me," said he, groaning aloud, "the beheading of Charles I was an awful thing in our history. I dare not think of it. Oh! England! What a varied history!"

"Tell me some more about America. Where did all these people here in Virginia, who count themselves more aristocratic than others, come from?—the Lees and Randolphs, the

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\*Civil Government in the United States. Fiske. Houghton, Mifflin Co.; by permission.

Washingtons, Pendletons, Marshalls, Rives, Madisons, Monroes, Mercy! I hear enough about them to deafen me; and yet here I am, being entertained in the grand old home of one of them."

"I cannot tell you now, but when Virginia delivered a deed through Thomas Jefferson (1784) by which she ceded to the United States, all of her territory northwest of the Ohio, you remember St. Clair, the Englishman, was made Governor of that Northwest territory, and many of these families went to Ohio. I know more about them. Some of them liberated their slaves, but Sir Roger, the progenitor, of whom you told me, remained here in Yorkshire, and married a French woman, who was very superior intellectually."

"Now I must take you in and say bood-bye. Hope to come again to see you," said the young handsome officer.

"Here Sambo, come and take the General in; I'm afraid he's been talking too much and he must not stay out in this mountain air any longer. It is now almost four o'clock."

"I've had a visit from a young American officer this afternoon," said Major General Walpole to his host and hostess, "I find him to be a fine fellow. I must write to Robert, my son, to come over and bring his sister with him that the Virginias have been so kind to their poor disabled father. I want them to see the Country that William Pitt Lord Chatham saved for the Anglo-Saxons. Don't you agree with me?" said he, appealing to his host.

"Yes; but then you must know the French and Indian wars were the prelude to the American war for Independence and that looks like ingratitude toward Pitt."

"Agreed! But England should be satisfied with Quebec and Canada which is a tremendously big area—thirty-five times as big as the British Isles, they tell me."

"Don't you suppose England will grant to Canada some day in the future self-government? Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia, and all will probably unite," remarked his urbane host in a speculative tone.

"Wait until this 1814 business is through with," said the old General. "It looks like the tail end of the comet to me."

Will Riall's Army succeed, do you think, at Fort Erie? They say the post is garrisoned by two hundred British who will likely surrender without a battle."

"If the Americans advance down the river bank in the direction of Chippeway village they will probably meet Riall."

"And Scott, Ripley and Jessup are all gallant fighters."



"Yes, and there may be an awful battle. This young officer who called on me today, who was in Virginia to see his mother's family, belongs to that division of the Army and has gone back, by command, to engage in this very contingency."

Not longer than a week from the afternoon that the young, handsome and gallant American officer was talking to Major General Walpole in the mountains of Virginia, did the conflict awaited at Chippeway Lunday Lane begin—fought at midnight—a dark, stormy night. In deadly arrear did he find himself face to face with a distinguished British officer of Riall's Army, who had looked down from the high grounds in sight of Niagara Falls, only a short time before.

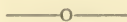
In November Fort Erie was evacuated—indeed destroyed—by the Americans, who went into winter quarters at Black Rock and Buffalo. The Royal Army of five thousand had really been driven from the field of action. On the 24th of December, 1814, the Treaty of Peace was signed—The Treaty of Ghent, (Belgium).

Mrs. Madison had saved the original draft of the Declaration of Independence, and the George Washington Stuart portrait, when the White House was burning.

Today England is perpetuating the George Washington English homestead, and we hope a statue of William Pitt Lord Chatham will be reared by the united efforts of the Anglo-Saxon people and placed in Washington, D. C.

The old British officer is dead, but he had the right of it—Pitt gave the key to the situation many years ago.

The gallant and brilliant young American officer is dead, but he loved the old British Major-General and married his daughter, and by their children and grandchildren, the most beautiful sentiments regarding International Ties has been entertained.



## SCOTLAND

In the Isle of Bute, in 1798, Hugh McH——, of the Clan Tartan, who used the wild myrtle in his coat of arms, which bore a white cross on a purple background and three gold crowns surrounded by red, with the motto "Fide et opera," married Margaret K——, of the great house of Argyle. Septs and dependents were entitled to use the McH—— coat of arms, but not so, as we are told, was it with the two



honorable badges of the House of Argyle. One of these, the Knight of the Garter, told of the great Masters of the King's household and Judiciaries of Scotland; the other was the Knight of the Thistle.

Accompanying Hugh McH—— and his bride, was his brother, ready to start with them to America. As they left Abegavenny in Scotland, their stout hearts were faint, and Margaret stood gazing at and examining the badges in the splendid hall of her House, but she had promised her young and spirited husband to settle in America at the risk of fame and possible fortune, certainly of much that was dear and honored and picturesque on their native heath. Indeed the red heather which was now fading into purple as they drove fast over the moorland to reach the trains which would carry them to their ocean steamer, was only one feature of the landscape; the beautiful ruins and solid castles and the very history of Scotland was absorbing their minds. As they hasten to partake of the rich repast set before them at a friend's home, strawberries, golden butter, rich cream—Hugh assured his wife that in the country to which they were going—New York, Orange County—she should have three times as large a dairy as she ever beheld in Scotland.

“And what, Hugh, shall we feed our minds upon? Indian fights and the plaintive air of ‘Within a mile of Edinboro town?’ ”

“Cheer up, Bonny. We will be champions of right causes in the new and prosperous country. Noble aims will be ours!”

“Yes, indeed,” said their friends, “There is no country in the world so liberal to women as America—we only wish we were going along.”

“And as to the Indians,” spoke up the brother, “I expect to take great pleasure in fighting them and laying out important towns. Perhaps they will elect me to Congress, or make me Brigadier-General in the Regular Army.”

“Only hear him talk,” they all cried out, and laughed inordinately.

“Yes, it takes John to see the bright side.”

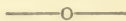
“It's a good thing he's going with you. Hugh has too much sentiment and too tender a heart.”

“You never mind. I think” said Hugh, “the types and institutions are indeed fine. Women will, in the future, have equal free agency there, I verily believe, with men. But may the day never dawn when women's fine character, striking through men's coarser nature, as ever sweet and pure and

raising their thought into a clearer atmosphere become to mean, sordid, business-like habits or pursuits. Then truly," said Hugh, "the famous lines of Wordsworth will be my song:

" 'The youth who daily from the East must travel,  
Still is Nature's Priest, and by the vision splendid,  
Is on his way attended.  
At length the man perceives it die away  
And fade into the light of common day.' "

"Well, good Margaret, few women have the sweet conversation Hugh gives you. I do not believe you will die of ennui or apathy of mind or despair. Some women should cry out for sheer pathos and seek revenge; but not you my dear cousin, not you," said her aged aunt.



## IRELAND

He was a refined Irish gentleman, and his aged mother a typical Irish lady, who had ventured their destinies in the new world. He had the love for poetry which seems embedded in the soul of Erin's sons and daughters—for they are full of ardor, fancy and sympathy as one of their recent writers admits.

About the time England acknowledged the Independence of the Irish Parliament, the father of this young Irish gentleman died; and he and his widowed mother sailed for America, with sad hearts, slender hopes, and only a few precious relics put carefully away with some fine Irish damask and costly clothing. Among these relics was a little silver scent box about one inch by one-half inch, lined with gold. On the outside engraven on the lid, was the famous twisted Celtic pattern.

"When you find the woman of your heart, my son, you may present her with this precious little box. It has been handed down from Kings and Courtiers. Remember to tell her, 'Never did any race receive the Gospel with more ardent enthusiasm than the Irish.' "

"And I will quote to her, mother, the following beautiful lines:

" 'We have wronged no race, we have robbed no land,  
We have never oppressed the weak!  
And this in the face of Heaven is the nobler  
Thing to speak.' "

"That is truly beautiful," exclaimed the dear old mother, with tears in her eyes.

"If only we might have looked forward to the disestablishment of the Irish Church—a measure which surely ought to be carried, I do not think we should have left Ireland. If only we could have been a free Episcopal Church and not a State institution!" sighed the lovely old lady.

"Never mind, dear mother, that will yet come to pass. Time brings much to all who have faith. You liked the verse I quoted about Ireland by an Irish poet who lives in America and whose acquaintance I hope to make," said the young gentleman, "I'll read you what he writes about America."

"Where did you get that little volume? Bound in morocco, I'll warrant you. Ah! my son, let us forget to be extravagant."

"Hear now! Hear what he says:

"O, this work, Republic, this thy health,  
To prove man's birthright to a commonwealth;  
To teach the people to be strong and wise,  
'Till armies, nations, nobles, royalties,  
Are laid at rest with all their fears and hates;  
'Till Europe's thirteen Monarchies are States,  
Without a barrier and without a throne,  
Of one grand Federation like our own.'"

\* \* \* \*

Years passed on. The young Irish gentleman succeeded in his profession; was beloved and admired by all who knew him, but for some unsearchable reason the father of the woman with whom he fell in love, would not permit his daughter to marry him. He had money; he had a fine appearance; he had a gentle heart; he had love of religion and literature. Then what was it, my friends? I cannot tell you—I never knew. Race? Religion? Prejudice? Narrow-mindedness? Other ambitions, probably, for his daughter—that was all.

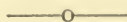
# INTERNATIONAL TIES

## CHAPTER V.

### HOLLAND

THE DISCOVERY OF THE ELEMENT OF THINGS. "KEEP THYSELF TO THE FIRST BRAVE AND NAKED APPREHENSION OF THINGS."

THE SECOND FOREIGN MINISTER EVER ACCREDITED TO THE UNITED STATES, CHEVALIER VAN——, WHO DECLARED IN CONGRESS, "WE KNOW BETTER TO SET A JUST VALUE ON THE GREATNESS OF YOUR DESIGN AS A NATION THAN OTHERS."



# INTERNATIONAL TIES

## CHAPTER V—*Holland.*

The ship tossed and rocked and Van Utrecht wished a thousand times over that he had never left his peaceful Holland and his fine villa, over whose doorway was carved the words, "Peace and Joy."

"How terrific this is! How horrible! How senseless this struggle in the waves and the darkness toward unknown and possibly most uninviting conditions in the New World—New Amsterdam!"

"Do not talk this aloud to others," said a friend near by; "do not, I implore you, disparage the power of human determination which we all have displayed."

"That is good advice," said Chevalier Van B——, "If Utrecht is remorseful over his decision, just wait until the dangers are passed; and he finds himself surrounded by the good and enthusiastic countrymen; all his inspirations and fervent resolutions will return."

"There is not enough growth with us at home—that vital process, the virtue of life, growth instead of stagnation."

Days were consumed in conversation amongst these intelligent men and women about old ocean—saline quality of oceanic water—a physical question—a physical question involved in obscurity, they admitted, but they were killing time. The voyage was indeed tedious and distasteful and their talk took many useless and erratic turns.



"Let us be practical, and learn something," said Madam Van Bruges. "Upon what do these variety of hues the ocean exhibits, depend? And why is ultramarine blue the true color of the ocean? Rembrandt or Rubens or even the Van Eyke's could doubtless have told us."

"Ah, dear," cried out one of the party; a high born man from Rotterdam—"I should rather hear how it finally came about that Adams was permitted to present his credentials to the Prince—and—"

"You know," said Van B——, "the Prince answered in such a low and indistinct way they say, that the American Minister understood only the statement that the Stadt-holder had put no difficulty in the way of his reception."\*

\*The Dutch Republic and the American Revolution. Dr. Frederick Edler. The John Hopkins University Press; by permission.

They all looked at one another and smiled.

"They'll soon get the loan I venture to say," remarked the Chevalier Van B——, thoughtfully. "Well, Adams surely had a hard time of it. His position for a year has been most undesirable. That we must all admit, and he is a proud spirited New Englander, I understand."

"Sometimes," continued the man from Rotterdam, "I wish I had informed myself about several things before I undertook this voyage. I am homesick already for the Jardin Botanique and the Grand Pavillon of Harlam. I verily hate the sight of water; even our canals will be distasteful to me in the future."

"Then we will count you out this evening when Madam Bruges talks to us on a subject upon which she is highly informed and instructs others in, at Leyden—Brock, do you hear? You are left out. With such a Jonah on board, what can we do but throw you overboard?"

"Madam Bruges is a descendant of Rubens—did you know that? That is why she is so interested in color. He was the greatest colorist."

"I disagree with you; Rembrandt was the greatest! Rubens was great I admit."

The dining room was well lighted that evening and all who felt able listened to Madam Bruges' talk about the waves and tides and currents; one so inconstant, occasioned by the winds; the other so regular and periodic; the third, the result of various circumstances—resembling great rivers in the sea. "Is there anything more beautiful," she asked, "than the phosphor-

escence of the ocean when the waves scintillate and the bright green sparks exhibit the long line of fire flashing in a thousand directions? Why and how these are caused will be my subject tomorrow evening; also, Why this great old ocean absorbs all the prismatic colors except that of ultramarine blue."

"Oh, dear!" groaned Jonah from Rotterdam, "going to have it again tomorrow evening. Well you might as well throw me overboard at once. The only idea I have received in what Madam Bruges has said is that people are like the waves, and tides and currents; some of them inconstant; others steadfast or regular in their actions; while others are the result of various circumstances, tinted by every gleam of sunshine or passing cloud, wind, shoal and sandbank. As you will not harken to my message you can throw me overboard whenever you want to. I will send up some light to you still, although I may be a dead and dismembered relic, there will still be gelatinous particles which will be phosphorescent—"

"Stop that man talking—he will surely distract me. Here Chevalier Van B——, you can control him, can you not? The less America has to do with such people the better for her. Throw him overboard, I insist upon it!"

"My message is simple enough:—the United Provinces will have proved themselves the benefactors of the United States—we will be the only victims. Mark my word."

"I count myself most happy to represent our illustrious country and I say to you all, right here in mid ocean, as we are tossed by these uncertain waves, scintillating the bright green sparks—and the line of fire Madam Bruges referred to—that when I speak to the Congress—if I do—I shall tell its members that we know better than any other people the worth of independence, and better to set a just value on the greatness of their design as a Nation than do others."

"The love of freedom and the same maxims of policy will undoubtedly enable you to accomplish much with them in treaties of amity and commerce."

"That we do not doubt" said all his friends, enthusiastically. "Then you have really been accredited to the United States, have you? Good! Glad to hear it."

"I am like the prophet Daniel—I simply implore the Powers that be, that I may be granted TIME: that great help to all sick hearts; to uncertain tenets; to subtle diplomacy and interpretations."

# INTERNATIONAL TIES

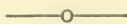
## CHAPTER VI.

### ITALY

"THE SURVIVING SON OF THE DUKE OF URBINO, MINGLED WITH THE THROG."

"LET US GO TO AREZZO, NOT TO ROME,  
TO FERTILIZE AREZZO, NOT TO FLOOD ROME."

"WHATEVER GREAT THINGS HAPPENED IN THE WORLD WERE  
KNOWN, DISCUSSED AND ESTIMATED."



# INTERNATIONAL TIES

## CHAPTER VI—*Italy*.

The sun shone all day long upon the people who wandered leisurely about the street, casting deep purple shadows against the whitened walls of the dwellings. Gleaming out from the quaint shop windows, was filigree gold, or precious stones, or exquisite cameos and porcelain reproductions from the old masters. Brilliant black eyed Italian girls, dressed in white waists with red velvet bodices and black aprons bordered with deep barbaric colors, light blue dresses and black slippers, completed this picturesqueness.

With the usual gracious manner of the Italian, two titled ladies were addressed as they alighted from their coach, which bore the Coat of Arms in black on yellow of the Medici family—the last of this distinguished family. These two ladies out for a drive through the streets of Florence to catch the sunshine on a March day. Giuliano Caterina, the surviving son of the Duke of Urbino, approached these ladies. This young man understood how to make himself popular. He mingled with the throng, and was accessible to not only those of his own rank but to all, and deeds of counsel and benevolence distinguished him.

"The Gardens of the Medici will be open this afternoon," said Signorina, "and some foreigners will be with us. Come, will you not?"



At the appointed hour Caterina appeared and, as in former years, the finest threads of policy were spun; religious movements, philosophical studies, poetry—all had their chance in these beautiful afternoons afforded by the Medici ladies. Whatever great things happened in the world were talked of. "Stirring social life mingled uninterruptedly with the most serious conversation. Keen critical judgment was afterward exercised by the public of Florence upon these occasions."\* The public was indeed clever and could converse about Rienzi or Savonarola; and they knew that to Germany belongs the Reformation; to France the Revolution, and to Italy the Renaissance. The transformation of the mediæval into the modern world was indeed active in Italy, and these clever Italians knew that Dante as a forerunner of the Renaissance should never have been exiled from Florence, his native place.

"I make the pilgrimage every year to Ravenna," said Giuliano Caterina, "for I am in much sympathy with the revolt which the Renaissance signified against provincial narrowness. I like the broad Cosmopolitan culture which it stood for—narrowness angers me. When the poet said to his wife, both of them English, by-the-way,

'Let us go to Arezzo, not to Rome—

To fertilize Arezzo, not to flood Rome.'

that all sounds very humble, beautiful and benevolent!"

"Yes," said the German woman to whom he was talking, "but consider they wanted to create literature. Great things have been usually worked out in silence and solitude. Think of your Michaelangelo working in the tombs of Medici, while outside the streets were crowded with people in civil war almost."

"Certainly," said Caterina. "The first book printed, you will recollect, was in a monastery, overseen by a Cardinal."

"Yes, and our Gutenberg had to work alone, making his own press, ink, roller, and type—only think of it!"

"Have you seen the Aldine Press at Venice?"

"Do you know I am so glad you are not an Austrian. I like the Prussians much more. You know, as a race, we marry early—twenty is old enough. It is said we are brilliant, capricious, enthusiastic, natural. That we love children, that the nobleman is on a familiar footing with the peasant, that he converses with the people in a different manner and that the latter, far from being hostile to their nobility, are rather proud of it."

"It takes the genius of the German mind," she frankly said, to thoroughly enjoy Italy.

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\*Taine's Italy. Henry Holt & Company, publishers; by permission.



# INTERNATIONAL TIES

## CHAPTER VII.

### RUSSIA

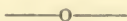
ONCE "A NEW AND UNTRIED POWER."

"EACH ONE IN CENTRAL RUSSIA WAS GIVEN TEN ACRES OF LAND."

"WE HEAR SO MUCH THAT IS NOT TRUE," SHE SAID.

IN 1899 TSAR NICHOLAS SUPPRISED THE WORLD.

"LET THE DAY OF BATTLE, WITH A TEMPEST IN THE DAY OF THE WHIRLWIND, COME NO MORE," SHE SAID.



# INTERNATIONAL TIES

## CHAPTER VII—*Russia.*

It was the Eighteenth Century when "the word went forth that a new and untried power was about to intrude itself—a power a hundred thousand strong from the deserts—that thirty-five thousand of them, although defeated at Zorndorf, had really rested on the Rhine. Germany was alarmed, England and other European Nations."\* The death of Elizabeth of Russia and the ascending to the Throne of Peter the Great, had helped matters immensely, but "one must admit," said the Ambassador, "that the Slavonic race, whose language, in its various dialects, is used in Russia, Poland, Bulgaria, Bohemia—the Sclavonians are greatly to be feared from many aspects."

"Yes," said the younger man who was also a student of Russian History, "I little thought when I once sat in the twilight of a Russian village, that Count Tolstoy's theories, so impracticable did they seem at the time, would ever 'be incorporated literally in the famous Viborg Manifesto.'\* and have the support of many of the ablest and most distinguished representatives of Russian intellectual culture."

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\*Philip VanNess Myers—History. Ginn & Co.; by permission.

\*Eugene Schuyler Memoirs and Letters. Chas. Scribner's Sons; by permission.

This conversation took place in Vienna and in the presence of an Austrian Baroness.

"Stop!" she said, "right there, until I assure myself that I am correct in thinking that in the early history of Russia, when land was sold the serf was sold with it, and the only additional injustice they suffered was a new Master."

"That is right," said the younger man. "When Alexander II emancipated the serfs in 1861, each one in central Russia was given ten acres of land. Only think, there were twenty-three millions of them emancipated."

"Surely," said the Baroness. "progress owes much to rulers and to statesmen who, through the ages, have labored so hard to advance the good of others. As to Tolstoy, I question if one should so unequivocally admire him. I find myself more and more helpless to explain his inconsistencies. Can it be true, that he is most happily married and has sixteen children? We hear so much that is not true," she said.

The Ambassador and the younger man laughed heartily.

"We hear it frequently said," remarked the Ambassador, "that two hundred million homes exist today and society made up from these homes has joy and sorrow and mystery,\* and that human affairs on a large scale have the ups and downs; and so it is in the history of Nations, that is natural to all, and the history of individuals. Tolstoy is a great thinker, destined undoubtedly to leave a great impression upon his Nation. As to his domestic relations, I personally am not sufficiently interested in them to have much accurate knowledge. I suspect our young friend here, who I hope will be sent to St. Petersburg as First Secretary from the United States, will inform himself most accurately about all details of Russian life and character."

"Your Excellency returns to Russia very soon now, I hear."

"Yes," he replied, "but before I go I desire to tell you how interested I am in your enthusiasm over the subject of peace and arbitration. Ruskin says the old Greek word for sin meant missing the mark—that all sin is in essence losing the sight or consciousness of heaven. When Peter the Great was murdered by his wife and she ascended the Throne of Russia as Catherine II, you know England and France were glad enough to give over the struggle with Prussia and sign the Peace of Paris. Now these Peace Treaties are great landmarks in the history of Nations. Let us not miss the mark.

"Yes indeed!" she exclaimed, "although the apostles of peace and arbitration are called visionary, yet hundreds of years hence, possibly sooner, their reason and importance will

be acknowledged. Everything affects Society—climate even—‘And if the wickedness of men and women, why not the goodness much more?’\* The divine influence of those who make us believe in the supernatural, in the divine interpretation of God’s management of His universe \* \* \* \*

“The climate is so severe Russian people do not come under the gentle influence of Nature as elsewhere, but then it is the conversation indoors which brings results. I always remember Madam de Stael’s answer when someone questioned her if she liked her villa at Lake Geneva. ‘Yes; but not as I do the babble in the Rue de Rivale in Paris.’”

“Now, if you will promise me,” he continued, “to use the gifts with which you are enriched and your personal influence for good, which is the most potent agency with which to meet the evils that exist in governmental affairs, and by writing and speaking of ideal characters founded in truth and embellished by poetry and song, you may raise people’s taste and aspirations and do away with much that is wrong. Will you begin to write?”

“Agreed, I will write a book. Write so it may even impress the Czar of Russia if it ever falls into his hands. It is easy to find fault; to condemn men or nations, ‘to take a bold share in working out an equity,’ but I know of no other permissible method of calling the attention of Governments to the people’s burden’s than this—war and unjust taxation shall be frowned down! They will no longer cry out, ‘God so high and the Czar so distant’ after they read my book,” and she laughed outright.

“If I am still an Ambassador to that Court, your book will surely be read by the Czar, and I hope the Austrian Baroness will win a prize.”

“In 1899 Czar Nicholas surprised the world by proposing to all the Governments having representatives at the Russian Court, the meeting of a conference ‘to consider means of insuring the general peace of the world and of putting a limit to the progressive increase of armaments which weigh upon all Nations.’”\* He had read “*Lay Down Your Arms.*”

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\*Life of Society. E. W. Brown. S. P. Putnam Sons; by permission.

\*Life of Society. E. W. Brown. S. P. Putnam Sons; by permission.

\*Philip VanNess Myers—History. Ginn & Co.; by permission.



# INTERNATIONAL TIES

## CHAPTER VIII.

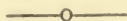
### TURKEY AND THE BALKANS

"TWO MEN ON HORSEBACK, WADING A STREAM, RETURNING FROM SERVIA."

"IN 1878 TO RE-ARRANGE THE EASTERN QUESTION."

"FOR A LONG TIME WERE THE MAIN DEFENSE OF CHRISTIAN EUROPE AGAINST TURKISH TRIBES," SHE SAID, "AND I BEG TO TELL YOU HOW IT WAS."

"AND HE SHALL JUDGE BETWEEN THE NATIONS AND WILL DECIDE CONCERNING MANY PEOPLE."



## INTERNATIONAL TIES

### CHAPTER VIII—*The Balkans and Turkey.*

"What a dramatic episode in the world's history the papers give us today," said Rev. Dr. ——— to those gathered about him in a splendid drawing room at an American winter resort. "The daughter of the Sultan has ended her life because of the defeats of the Turkish army. The Princess spent a long time in her apartment in silent prayer; finally she came out, her hair flowing and attired in a long garment. She ascended and lit the pyre. The servants dared not interfere. She had built this funeral pyre with her own hands and decorated it with flowers and priceless tapestries. As the news of the successive Turkish defeats came, the Princess Zekie became morose. Turkish fatalism accomplished the worst. A letter was found in which she told her husband she could not survive the ruin of her people. The letter ends with a prayer to Allah not to permit the complete destruction of the Ottoman nation."

Years ago, two men wading a stream returning from Servia, Montenegro, Herzegovina, Belgrade, where they had been sent by their Government, came near being drowned because of the heavy rugs tied on the backs of their horses. These they had purchased and were bringing home as trophies to their wives.

"What a shame," said one of them to his travelling companion, "that these people think they have to fight—to throw off the yoke of the Turk. They are actually trained genera-



tions back to believe this. The people love their homes, their small possessions, the peaceful life of their villages and neighborhood. They do not want war, but all with whom I talked tell me that they feel they have 'inherited an uncompleted task.' It is hard to understand how the people of Southern Europe have to live in constant dread of war, where as you in your country and we in ours, enjoy such civil order and prosperity and blessings."

A battle in the recent Balkans lasted three days. The Bulgarian Army finally routed the main Turkish Army of 200,000 men. Could one have believed this a few years ago? When European powers interfered or called a Conference as they did in 1878 in Berlin, to see if conditions could be bettered, when Bismark, Schuvaloff, Disraeli, Gortschakoff, and Andrassy assembled at this Berlin Congress in 1878 to rearrange the Eastern question—this independent attitude of the Balkans, which today is showing itself, was undoubtedly strengthened, but no one predicted such results as come before our attention today.

"Yes; it is as you say," replied his companion. "The Bulgarians, Servians, Greeks, and Montenegrins have no love for the frightful hazards and unspeakable miseries of war."

"Will the United States ever help to settle this old Eastern question? What do Americans think about that?" inquired the Englishman of his American friend.

"No; answers her President. If she has a mission besides developing the principles of the brotherhood of man, it seems to me it is to blaze the way to universal peace."

"But Europe took on a new love for armament; a new impulse beyond the public endurance, when the United States refused to ratify the President's treaties. They delayed the progress of the Anglo-Saxon race in good will—for an incalculable time," said the Englishman.

Years later a very pathetic incident occurred. A prelate was called to the bedside of a very ill person—a woman for whom he had the utmost respect.

"With your intense love for literature, art, your highly strung temperament. How is this, that you cling so tenaciously, through cloud and storm as well as sunshine, to these peace ideas and international relations?"

"Ah! the Balkans," she cried, as she hid her face in the pillow. "What associations does not the subject bring to me. He told me it was the five hundred year old problem the morning he started forth. He risked his life to travel hence; to write a classic concerning the principles involved which were part of his religion—"The comings," as he called them. These principles of His power and glory—the coming of the Prince of Peace."

The prelate noticed her mind was too excited and cautioned her to stop. "But I beg," she said, "to tell you how it was! We Hungarians differed from all other Turanian tribes—we adopted the names, customs and religion of the people about us. The Maggars succeeded in thrusting themselves far into the Continent and establishing the important Kingdom of Hungary; we became Europeanized and for a long time were the main defense of Christian Europe against Turkish tribes of the same race that followed closely in their footsteps." Here the brilliant mind ceased to work and one more spirit entered into eternal rest.

History tells us that away back in the fourteenth Century the Conquest of the Turk was greatly aided by a body of soldiers known as "the Janizaries." This select corps was composed at first of the fairest children of Christian captives who were brought up in the Mohammedan faith. In 1453 at the Fall of Constantinople, the cross on the dome of St. Sophia was replaced by the Crescent. Ever since the days of Napoleon she has been a coveted possession—and still European diplomacy is doing for her in her desperate situation what she cannot do for herself—so she is held in "status quo" because Russia, Austria, France, Germany and Italy, all want to possess Constantinople.

"And He shall judge between Nations and will decide concerning many people; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks: Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." (Isa. II:3-4.)

And the reward of the peace-makers—they shall be called the children of God. (Matt. V:9.)

Will the Christian Churches allow the Turk to spread Mohammedanism over Africa as they are fast doing? This religion allows to the poor African, rules of conduct which the Christian religion forbids, and they are easily won over. They tell them Mohammed was the only prophet. From a political aspect the danger is great, for the Ottoman Empire is the same in the twentieth century as in the fourteenth in its belief.

The Emperor Constantine will not rise up; will not appear again to hold his emblem, the Cross, with its inscription, "In this sign conquer," but others, obedient to Heavenly visions, will rise up undoubtedly, to hold aloft the standard of peace and good will. Other Crusades than the Fourth may arise—not at Venice, we know not where—and invade the Turkish Empire to the surprise of all; social, political and religious reasons making such International Ties possible.











# International Ties

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(SECOND PART)

MRS. MARY MCARTHUR TUTTLE

I decided not to wait for  
the close of the war before  
bringing out the 2<sup>nd</sup> Part of  
International Ties.

M. M<sup>c</sup>A. T.  
October 1915.





# International Ties

BY

MRS. MARY MCARTHUR TUTTLE

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## PART II.

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### CONTENTS:

AMERICA AGAIN  
FRANCE AGAIN  
GERMANY AGAIN  
ENGLAND  
HOLLAND  
ITALY  
RUSSIA  
CHINA AND JAPAN  
SOUTH AMERICA  
TURKEY AND THE BALKANS

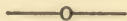
HENRY MORSE STEPHENS

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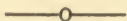
BY

MRS. MARY MCARTHUR TUTTLE

# INTERNATIONAL TIES



## PART II.



### AMERICA AGAIN

WHILE INTERNATIONAL CONTROVERSIES WERE IMMINENT AT ANY TIME.

THE LONG CONFLICT OF EVIL WITH GOOD.

AND DESPITE THE DIVERSION OF THOUGHT IT SEEMED ATTRACTIVE TO A GOOD CITIZEN.

HOW DANGEROUS THAT SOUNDS TO THE EARS OF AN AMERICAN.

#### PART II.—*America Again.*

The young heir described in the opening chapter of this book, who was thought by his grandmother to have "a sensible countenance" on the day of his birth, grew to manhood and became in course of time a grandparent himself to a grandson, who was destined to be a ruler of State and Nation. In his administrative years, a poetic prophecy was written of him, somewhat similar to Tennyson's lines in idea :

"Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace."

Conspicuous with others, in maintaining and enlarging the ideas of universal peace, even during a time when the insurrection of other nations was tremendous, and while international controversies were imminent almost every day ; and an impact collision and shock to our nation threatening by the impetuosity of those who wanted war either for commercial interests or because they were born war-like at heart, or had believed or been taught by their ancestors that a nation's pride must stand on the point of the bayonet, and that young manhood is simply reared to be scattered by explosives or killed by big guns of belligerent nations : These citizens, clamoring for the national life to arise and resent all approaches against it, groaned over

the echo of ideals and patience and love of humanity which wafted from the seat of government across the waters, or hovered like a dove around and about.

But, ungalled by the yoke of passion and unhealthy stimulus as was Henry Clay on his day, the great telegraphic cable (first used in 1844 to announce Mr. Polk's nomination), as well as the wireless telegraphy, was kept going, to express the American point of view and to urge other nations to try to solve their own difficulties by good policies.

Men of all parties and politics were expressing themselves on the subject of the European war. Professor L——'s theory was "not to be too much prepared for war, and not to be too little prepared for it—these two ways," he declared, "are the two ways for a nation to become involved in international controversy"; while other men stood for Peace at any Price! and others denounced the deliberation of the Executive, &c., &c., while from Mississippi came the opinion "that our Navy should be ordered to patrol the trans-Atlantic trade routes and find and sink every German submarine which shows its periscope above the waves."

"If you men do not stop your variances of opinion, and your impatience and criticisms, trying to coerce a mind from its natural and conscientious trend, our President—like William Henry Harrison—will die in office," said a Democratic adherent. "Ah no!" said the Republican, "no danger of that. Harrison threw all care upon Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, and wrapped his robe about him and laid down, it is true, to rest, but Webster was a man who could stand *alone* when all the Cabinet resigned during Tyler's repeal of the Independent Bill and the bill for the bank of the United States was rechartered and passed. Webster exclaimed: "And, gentlemen, what will you do with me? There was no giving up in that nature, no more than in the signers of the Declaration of Independence."

"Did you ever think to what extreme old age those signers lived?" asked the Democrat, desiring to turn the subject.

"Well, suppose we both go to church tomorrow and listen to God's word for a while; I promised Rt. Dr. C—— I would go and bring someone with me. He is going to preach on the text, so he told me: 'They That Take the Sword Shall Perish by the Sword; He that Leadeth Into Captivity Shall Go Into Captivity.'"

"For fellows who want war will get it, if you are not careful!"

"Well, good-bye—perhaps I'll come and sit by you tomorrow, and hear what the Reverend gentleman has to say," said the Republican, good-naturedly.



The service began by reading *Confitebimur tibi*, Psalm 75th : The earth is weak, and the inhabitors thereof : bear up the pillars of it.

I said unto the fools, Deal not so madly ; and to the ungodly set not up your horn.

Set not up your horn on high, and speak not with a stiff neck : For promotion cometh neither from the East, nor from the West, nor yet from the South.

And why ? God is Judge ; He putteth down one, and setteth up another.

Also Psalm 76, 12th verse—He shall refrain the spirit of princes and is wonderful among the Kings of the earth.

Also Psalm 77, 19th verse—Thy way is in the sea, and thy paths in the great waters, and thy foot-steps are not known.

"Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father and He shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels.—St. Matthew 26, 52 and 53 verses. Legion ! Think of it ! Army, host, multitude. We have been," said the reverend doctor C——, "in the past of our history, assailed from without, now we are assailed from within. Our love for humanity, our ideals, our conscience.—A rift in the cloud may lead to mediation for the conflict of the world, any day. God may call a legion of angels to overcome man's fierce will ; big souls ready to help us, and other nations for the triumph of nobler virtues over violence and wrong. I cannot console you now when eight hundred thousand men wounded and suffering are lying in hospitals in Europe. What can anyone say ? 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.' 'The Sovereignty of God' is my theme today."

\* \* \* \* \*

Returning to the Virginia narrative, with which this book begins, the poet Addison did not come to America with his brother John, as Lady Caroline—wife of Sir Roger—had hoped. Lady Caroline did not stop to reflect how strange it would be for the editor of the *London Spectator*, a man famous as essayist and editor, who was to be Secretary of State under Queen Ann, and who would marry the Dowager Countess of Warwick (and who would be buried in Westminster) to break off with such surprising civilization, rich culture and refinement, where even "utilities were gilded and brocaded." But John Addison, who held rank as Colonel, Admiral, in the English Navy, not only came but allowed his daughter to marry a Virginian. A daughter of this marriage became the wife of

Colonel William Burton. Their splendid, clever daughters, Rebecka and Susan B——, married George and John T——. In all of this we see that John Addison, like his father, Rev. Launcelot Addison, who went in early days as Chaplain at Tangiers, was fond of foreign countries and new opportunities: while Joseph Addison, the poet, with his literary and sympathetic nature, clung to the mother country. Rebecka and Susan B——, like their ancestors, enjoyed sports and diversions; and had a joyfulness of disposition and uncalculating hospitality. Whenever the public cause summoned men to exertion the twenty fiddlers were called out and a great barbecue was served on silver plate in the Deer Park. This scene was preliminary to the sound of the bugle—for in those days the bugle was expected to call to arms almost any time. Indeed, numerous surprises have awaited the Americans in their onward march toward ideals—for while big souls like William Penn, full of innocence and truth, had simply to exclaim to the North American Indian: "My friends, we have met on the broad pathway of good faith. We are all flesh and blood. When disputes arise we will settle them in council"; and the Indian replied: "While the rivers run and the sun shines we will live in peace with the children of William Penn."\* Yet in other localities, and later dates, the Indian was still a terror, so much so that a company of them would arrive at a home for breakfast in the early days of Ohio, for instance, and the lady of the manor failed to have the first cup of coffee served to the Chief, they would all rise to their feet and in warlike attitude rebel! John Brown at Harper's Ferry, the battles of the Civil War, the dangers of the Spanish-American War, the great work of opening the Panama Canal, of handling the appeal of woman's suffrage, or the prohibition propaganda, or international disputes, or to keep down mercenary aims and the times full of fraud, have not been harder to manage than the Indian question. But today from Palm Beach, where the great Edison has his winter home, to the beautiful Lakes; from the golden shores of California in this its great year of Exposition—to the Monumental Atlantic Coast—it is not these wonderful and glorious facts which puts down European skepticism. It is because "the golden rule makes the golden age" and "because," as Professor Church says, "human rights are advocated above the arrogance of nations.†

When the Panama Canal was opened, the voice and wishes of two millions of women protested against it being fortified—

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\*Ridpath's History of the United States, by courtesy of the publishers.

†Letter to the German professors, by Samuel H. Church, Principal, Carnegie Institute.

which desire was voiced by men also at the opening of the Palace of Peace at The Hague, September, 1913. These same women were working to have reared in the zone a peace monument which would, they believed, stand as sentinel against disturbance of the peace, like the benediction of the Christ of the Andes. While these humble and blessed influences were at work, the cry for perpetuation of the battle ships rose higher from those opposed in opinion.

"What under the sun can two millions of women accomplish protesting against fortifications," said the men of the Army and Navy, who laughed aloud in the face of such "folly," as they called it. Can the icy stillness of marble and bronze monuments protect us from contingencies? We must admit that America is leading in this twentieth century in hard experimental problems, and we grant, said Admiral M—— to Major-General S——, that if she fails, the rest of the world will stand by and laugh.

"The boldest thing upon the sea  
A dreadnought we all thought would be.  
It bore a great majestic air  
And looked defiant ev'rywhere;  
But time is swift upon the wing.  
Extremes are sought in ev'rything;  
So genius forth a pygmy brings—  
The submarine—it's got the sting.  
The dreadnought now has lost its name  
And in some haven hides with shame."

—H. G. C.

May 12th, 1915.—President's note to Germany—a plea for humanity—demands that submarines cease treaty violations. If not, may result in severance of diplomatic relations.

May 24th.—Opening of the Pan-American financial conference.

June 17th.—Rift in the war cloud seen by high officials.

World-wide league forming. Judicial tribunal to hear nation's complaints. All to war upon one that commits hostile act before its grievance has been submitted to the tribunal. Those who are calm, deliberate, firm, and logical want America to blaze the path to peace.

Four men who were no longer young sat over papers and books until a late hour after having partaken of a rich repast. One represented to the world the most ardent advocate of civic reform; the second stood for the abolition of the liquor traffic; the third was a champion for peace and arbitration, while the fourth believed sincerely and gave his personal influence to the suffrage movement. All vital questions of the hour and of the day. One was a man of large affairs who had



been fêted and toasted at many a dinner party, made up of various bodies, organizations, over which he had presided. People were always ready to recall his witticisms, while the universities from which he had received degrees were loud in his praise.

"Yes," explained one of the four, "I recognize all of these facts and that you were, when I knew you years ago, a man of nice discriminations in affairs of State."

"And you!" retorted another of these beaux esprits, "the maintainer of practical, wholesome standards of conduct."

"But," replied the other, "if you or any of us were to be tried before a jury I should tremble for you, my friend, on one point."

The man to whom these words were addressed looked indeed surprised then, laughed aloud, and, leaning over with elbows resting on the table and hands supporting the chin, he said: "Now come! What do you mean?"

"Here," said the man next to him, "are you ready to help me if his accusation has anything in it?"

"I need not waste words," continued the first speaker. "Your wit will be the death of you. That statement, of course, recalls to your mind what a curious incitement you had to use your wit. Now do not say you fail to recall it—that will not do!—a word can sometimes cause great suffering, and you gave that word."

"What under the sun is your object in bringing up disagreeable vexations, things in the past which one has outlived, when we are all trying to have a good and pleasant evening together?"

"Individual interests cause me to speak of it. There are numerous men of my acquaintance who say they lost all faith in the honor of public servants of the State and Nation!—from that time on—their audacious and unjust ways—men who pride themselves on correct thinking and elevations of manners. And that such men are the supporters of our campaigns  
\* \* \*

"Ah, do give us some rest," exclaimed the beau esprit who was particularly involved in this."

"\* \* \* If the person who was so misrepresented had had an explosive character, been erratic, unorthodox, believing in the blind encounter of fate and chance. But behold! what loveliness, what forgiveness, what faith, what ethical motives continue to rule the life, and it was that very person who first received the inspiration for the great movement for which I stand. I tell you give us some rest," cried out the man, and turned his chair quickly, so that he faced another one of the group who looked indeed very thoughtful.



“\* \* \* The truth comes to the top and leaves the persecutors below the persecuted. Moments of tremendous peril prove that in the world's history. The conflict of evil with good proves it. When Marcus Aurelius was stopped one day by a person who said: “Evil is spoken of thee,” he answered: “That they speak ill of me so much is reported, but that I am hurt thereby is not reported.”

The man who repeated this ancient anecdote or incident stood seriously for the cause he represented. Turning his countenance upon a comparatively younger man, he remarked: “I wish you would promise me to read a portion of a very wonderful book written by a learned Scotsman—which I have just finished.”

“With pleasure,” replied the man to whom these words were addressed.

“It is the picture of a past age which has taken deep hold upon me. Indeed I may say a new life seems to overflow the present limitations, new ideas, new inspirations, dreams of genius—vital forms of government, even dramatic where the divine also enters—and the language is sweet and elevated.”

The next day the younger man secured the book. He read far into the night. The following day he was to speak to a large crowd of people—cultivated people, many of them—impressionable people, and still others who were sensational and political in trend.

There was no art or method as in France, or oftentimes in America, amongst our orators and speakers, no parliamentary effort, but force of will, rapidity of utterance, practical suggestions, all toward the formation of character, all toward the toils and sufferings of the people and the unchecked selfishness manifesting itself in many avenues and, although these conditions and ideas were not presented symmetrically, yet the realistic manner of expression and gesture held the audience.

“Will you then, my good friends,” he said, “allow me to read a short selection from a great book. Granted that we are all working for *peace* amongst men and good will. This book says: At the birth of Christ the amazing federation of the world into one great monarchy had been finally achieved. The whole earth lay hushed in profound peace, all lands lay freely open to the message of mercy and love which He came to announce. The social, the moral and political world ready for His advent. The merchant or the traveler might alike pass freely from land to land; trading vessels might bear their ventures to any port, for all lands and coasts were under the same laws, and all mankind for the time were citizens of a common State. At the head of this stupendous Empire a single man, Octavianus Caesar, now better known by his

imposing title Augustus, ruled absolute lord. All nations bowed before him, all kingdoms served him. Rome, itself the capital of this unique empire, had a population (according to Lepsius) of eight millions. Around the office and person of the Caesar who only of all rulers before or since was in the widest sense a Monarch, there necessarily gathered peculiar and incommunicable attributes of grandeur, and when the world fell into the hands of a single person the world became a safe and dreary prison for his enemies. Wherever you are, said Cicero to the exiled Marcellus, remember you are equally within the power of the Conqueror.”\*

He laid the book aside and looked his audience full in the face. How dangerous that sounds to the ears of Americans. We who believe and who represent, according to the language of one of the ablest Englishmen, who represent an experiment in the rule of the multitude, tried on a scale unprecedently vast, and the results of which everyone is concerned to watch.†

Here he closed his address, and the audience thoughtfully and quietly dispersed.

\* \* \* \* \*

The people we encounter in this book from various countries stand for principles more than for races and groups, and this is THE INTERNATIONAL TIE, which the writer would like to emphasize, the supremacy of principles and ideals in the social, moral and political life of the nations. Religious equality, and the emancipation of the nations from aggression. Sir Roger and Lady Caroline, Leicester and John Addison were, of course, *Anglo-Saxon*; Monsieur and Madame Chautaubriant, Madame Elise Languelot (Molesworth), *Aryans*; Felix von Lübke and the celebrated Germans, *Teutons*; while the English, Scotch, Irish people belonged to the *Indo-European, Celts*; and the Russians, Poles and Balkan people are *Slavonic*, &c., &c. But these distinctions have not been as important as the fact that the Japanese, Bulgarians, Pan-Americans, Germans and Italians sit alike in our educational halls under pleasant relationships and International Ties. They all wish for PEACE. “The great brotherhood is expanding—equal advantage lying open to all quarters of the earth—the Semites and Hamites alike. According to Bishop Huntington, the man in whom the special calling began was Abraham, and if any nation should instantly drop all that is selfish in its policy, all that is exclusive in its patriotism, and proclaim an economy of the universal and impartial opening of every

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\*Rev. C. Geike's Life and Words of Christ, by permission D. Appleton & Co., New York, Publishers.

†Viscount James Bryce's American Commonwealth, by permission Macmillan Co., New York.

door of privilege to all lands, the moral spectacle would be complete.”\*

Rabbi David Philipson calls universal peace “a practical program.”

Many people have believed since the European war began that facts point to most unusual conditions for world betterment. That there is a stream sweeping down through the ages, bursting open the hardest rocky hearts, freshening up the most sterile natures, enlarging the narrowest minds, springing up like inspirations in the conscience. Shall we accept the cheerful vision and the everlasting hope, and believe that war is physically suicidal and that its substitutes are within our grasp, or shall we despondently set aside these ideas and habituate the world once more to these deadly terrors. The Bible tells us “there will be no more sea there,” and yet the supremacy of the sea is what men lay down their lives for.

Many noble and great men have ascended the steps of the White House, accompanied by their faithful, beautiful wives. Glad children have entered. This great country has elected them to go in. May they never cease to value and hold sacred this solemn trust, and may the people never fail to understand what a high privilege it is to elect a President of the United States.

#### E PLURIBUS UNUM

“Though many and bright are the stars that appear

In that flag by our country unfurl’d;  
And the stripes that are swelling in majesty there,  
Like a rainbow adorning the world,  
Their light is unsullied, as those in the sky,  
By a deed that our fathers have done;  
And they’re leagued in as true and as holy a tie,  
In their motto of ‘Many in One.’

From where our green mountain tops blend with the sky

And the giant St. Lawrence is rolled,  
To the waves where the balmy Hesperides lie,  
Like the dream of some prophet of old,  
They conquer’d; and dying bequeath’d to our care,  
Not this boundless dominion alone,  
But that banner whose loveliness hallows the air,  
And their motto of ‘Many in One.’”

—George W. Cutter.

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\*The Rt. Rev. F. D. Huntington’s Sermon: Christ’s Second Coming, by permission E. L. Dutton & Co., Publishers, N. Y.



## PART II. FRANCE AGAIN

"THE FRENCH PEOPLE," HE CALMY REMARKED, "SOMEHOW SEEM TO FEEL THE SANCTITY AND UNIVERSAL BEAUTY OF THEIR DESTINY."

A MAN OF LARGE AFFAIRS, WHO TALKED WITH HIS FAMILY OCCASIONALLY. CEREMONIOUS LIFE DEMANDED HIS ATTENTION MUCH OFTENER.

LEADER OF THE ARBITRATION MOVEMENT IN FRANCE.

"TO RIGHT THE WRONG WITHOUT UNDERMINING ESTABLISHED ORDER."

### PART II.—*France Again.*

When the party arrived in America, consisting of Monsieur Chauteaubriant and Madame; Monsieur Roberts, Madame, and children; and Elsie De Languedot, they received most polite invitations from some of the noblesse settled at Quebec and Montreal, to come and study the conditions on the Lakes and the colonial establishments in Canada, before making their final decision. Numerically and spiritually, the Huguenot leaven was very active in America.

In Virginia, and elsewhere, Elsie De Languedot found the closest ties and sympathies; and so the French explorers who wanted to monopolize the rich fur trade; nor the imposing conditions of Church and State in Canada did not tempt her. She married in Virginia, Lord Molesworth, an Englishman who was highly informed about English politics and who knew that William Pitt Lord Chatham was studying politically the line of forts from Quebec to the Ohio River, which would make even the bass, trout, pickerel and sturgeon, as well as the French Government in America, swim down stream. And so he warned "Elsie" against the volatile and migratory disposition of the French people, her countrymen, and that he might not think it best to remain in America. "But do you not think it must be very picturesque," said my Lady to her husband, "to see the altars in the woods draped and candles burning on them, and the young Indians in blue jackets and chamois-skin leggins with red fringes 'bowing before the eternals'? I have read much of the mythology of the red man, more akin to the Bible conception of God than any other mythology, I fancy—the Great Spirit wading the streams, bringing the snow, using the thunder, blooming the flowers. These are the eternals to them, as the most reliable writers tell us."

"Yes," said Lord Molesworth, "but the good of the white man will soon dispel their innocent fancies, their interpretations of nature, which are indeed beautiful."



Mr. and Mrs. Molesworth returned to Europe, settled in England, where they reared a large family of children. Their eldest son became to be a man of important interests. Their daughters married well.

"Then you rejoice over the fact that the Anglo-Saxons and not the French have dominion over that part of America. Do not forget that I am a Huguenot, originally of noble Norman French lineage, my dear son, although your father is."

"Stop, mother," said the young man, "I do not care for any of those things. As to America—clear-sighted statesmen tell me it is well—and that England's naval power and commercial supremacy is or will be on a firmer basis than ever before, and you know father wants me to go to Canada."

"Very well, and I also consider it best, but you say you have no sympathy with noble lineage—then I say I have little sympathy with all the talk about naval supremacy. Nations must learn to feel a greater brotherhood. Ah! here is the child," she said, drawing one of her beautiful married daughters to her side, "who feels as I do, about all of these matters, and I am glad that she and her husband will take my grand-daughter and my namesake, Elise, to France for her education. In my halcyon days a family who belonged to the staunch remnant of faithful Huguenots, just like my own family, was represented in the Government by one of the most superior men I ever knew. I heard the other day that his son is a man of the hour and that his children are all quite unusual—Ah, France is full of idealism, you know."

"Yes indeed!" exclaimed her son-in-law, a Frenchman by birth, who just at that moment joined the family circle around the Grandmama where they generally were to be found in leisure moments. Lord Molesworth was a man of large affairs and saw his family only on ceremonious occasions in the drawing-room or at the table, which is not always the best place to learn disposition—as health or ill health enters so largely into the thoughts and expressions of children while eating, so that he did not know his children as his wife knew them. As to his French son-in-law, he generally gave the pleasant conversation of affairs over to him, as they were very congenial.

"And you are going to take Elise to France to complete her education. A good idea. Let the child see all she can of the beautiful rural districts as well as the heart of Paris. I'm so busy getting George off for Canada. I must leave all other affairs to you," said Lord Molesworth to his French son-in-law.

During the visit of Elise's father and mother in Paris, among other places, they found themselves by engagement out at Versailles one day waiting for some friends to join them.

"Do you know," said Elise's mother to her French husband, "I do not think so highly of the collection of pictures we have just seen. Of course, there are many of great importance, but as a collection it is immensely tiresome to me—'although one has always to admit that modern French art leads the art world.'"

"I do not admit that," said her husband. "I like the Spanish school and the Dutch school in their modern examples quite as much as I like our own art. And if I were not so woefully prejudiced against the Germans as a nation I could also enjoy their art. There was one modern instance in French cartoon work where I really think French genius reached its height! It represented the German Emperor seated at a grand piano. He was dressed in his military clothes and supposed to be playing or singing the hymn of peace (so the title ran). As he touched the keys with great suavity they jump up in the form of soldiers."

"That was truly clever," said his wife, laughing aloud.

"Yes, it was clever, and it is, I fear, true that the hymn of peace means to him just what that cartoon represented. Personally I detest cartoon work. It will be abolished with other evils in course of time. It degrades art, it is cruel, heartless, abominable, loathsome, and they who deal in it, either trying to make money by it or inforce some political scheme, will be punished by God Almighty."

"Now, papa," said Elise, "if I had said that, mama would correct me, but she allows you to say just what you want to. Oh, won't you please ask the guide just where Napoleon stood when he bade the Old Guard and Grenadiers good-bye? We study about that so often in school."

"That was not at Versailles," said her father, "that was the Cour du Cheval Blanc in the Palace at Fontainebleau, which is sometimes called Cour des Adieux for that reason."

"Shall we go to Fontainebleau?" asked the young girl.

"Certainly," said her father, "but while we are here at Versailles you must try and remember that Louis XIV. had it built at an enormous cost because he was tired out at St. Germain; he said he could always see the royal burying place, St. Denis."

"I don't blame him," said the bright young creature as she laughed and looked at her beautiful mother, "do you, mama?"

"Well, changing the subject," said her mother, "how does it happen that the House of Deputies sits here in this palace? That's what I should like to know."

At that moment the Members of the House which had just adjourned were passing by so near that Elise's father recognized a friend—Baron Ponce de Leon.

"How fortunate!" he exclaimed, "that I should find you. Do you know my oldest son is about to sail for America? Can he not catch your youngest brother in England, who I hear is going to Canada? Our son expects to go to St. Louis, but then they could cross the ocean together and that would be a great gain!"

"Ah! you had best go yourself, Monsieur le Baron. Think what a message you could carry with you!"

Several years elapsed in the history of the world before a period came when there arrived in America a Frenchman, Baron De Ponce de Leon, belonging to the Committee of the International Peace Congress. One of the French members of the Hague Court and the leader of the Arbitration Movement in France, one of the members of the Tribunal, a man held very dear by his fellowmen. In his address before the Hague Conference he said: "We come from all parts of the globe without knowing one another, with more of prejudice than of hope. But sympathy arises amongst us owing to the concord advancing the cause of peace and civilization. My audience knows that a Court of Arbitration has been created. We are building, we hope—slowly, I admit, but positively I believe, and judiciously—the diplomacy of the Twentieth Century. I have instituted the Arbitration group in the French Parliament and the Interparliamentary Union is composed of these various groups."

I met one of your very clever American women not long since at an International Conference in Switzerland. She was President of the International Council of Women. She said: "When you go to America, Monsieur Le Baron, instruct the women as well as the men in this great subject. We shall in all probability soon have our vote in America. Some men say, one reason we should not have a vote is that women cannot go to war! But war is a remote subject now. I believe with Professor B—— who said, as you will remember, 'world-wide arbitration or world-wide federation will be but the recognition of the fact that war is world suicide. Nations will fight only when the world has lost all its hope and all of its sanity.'"

Elise Molesworth Cambrey was hanging on the arm of her young husband and held the hand of her daughter, who was the idol of the family, young Elise, a beautiful charming creature who had become engaged since the family arrived in France to the son of Baron Ponce de Leon. They were indeed representative young people of two splendid old French families who knew how to right wrong in the politics of their country's



history without undermining the established order. In that sort of politics they had made great achievements. The miserable jealousies of other nations, the wretched conflicts of Europe, they had tried to avoid or overcome, for they believed, as one of the great French writers expresses it, that a nation is a spiritual family and they had faith that France would always come out of her troubles with a new baptism of grace. They loved their country; they loved their church; they loved their families and were not dreaming of any near approach to trouble of any kind—especially did they not anticipate war news just after attending a peace conference. But hark! enmity awaits them—all joys, all pleasures and pursuits they must renounce, all vanities and arts, “the refined enjoyments of pictures, statues, music, palaces.” The awful sound of war is upon them and the wealthy and scientific go alongside with the laboring man on the battlefield; and the streets are crowded with a line of patriots called to maintain the nation’s credit and defense. Soon they hear that the Library of Louvain is sacked! the Cathedral of Rheims bombarded! and the deplorable condition of Belgium rings from morning until night in their ears.

Can Baron Ponce de Leon, after all he has done for peace, bear the cruel anguish of seeing his son go to war?

Can Elise Cambrey, to whom the son is engaged, bear this separation? And all for what? There is no division of sentiment in the answer in France. From the peddler to the member of the House of Deputies they all feel alike—whether Protestant or Catholic or Materialist they feel alike the waves of sorrow that have surged about them, their souls, they find no submission only to ask the God of La Fayette, not of Montaigne, not of Renan and Voltaire, to hear and answer their prayers. Elise Molesworth Cambrey is now supporting a hospital over whose door is inscribed, “And When I Come on Earth Shall I Find Faith?” our Saviour’s question just before leaving this world. Instead of this young happy creature being a joyful wife she has a hospital full of wounded soldiers; instead of Baron Ponce de Leon being a happy father, he has only bereavement to contend with, and in place of representing a great parliamentary group for peace and arbitration his fond belief in the abolition of wars is crushed. La Fayette, with a detachment of twelve hundred men, in 1781, could capture Arnold; he could see at a glance the doom of Cornwallis, but who has been able in this horrible war to foresee anything, with the mechanism of big guns and submarines and Zeppelins continually before their attention, and the love of humanity all dropped out and apparently the bottom of civilization.



What wonder that the Baron wrote to a sister Republic that they should come and help! What wonder that Elise de Languelot, a woman of far-reaching and penetrating mind, desired in those early days of our history to come to America—to broad acres, beautiful mountains, broad rivers, where the praise of God goes up and resounds from coast to coast. The Huguenot spirit is still working its way in missionary fields of modern Christendom. Only six years ago the French Protestants were suddenly obliged to furnish the \$300,000 which until then the Government had given to their State church—to Algeria, Senegal, French Congo, Madagascar—they are constantly increasing the incomes of their missionary and social enterprises, so we have been told by those who know and those who sing—

“France, I adore thee,  
Fondly I love thee,  
Proudly before me  
Thy gleaming banner waves.”

## GERMANY AGAIN

### PART II.

1. AN IMPOSING SCENE.
2. TUMULT IN THE REICHSTAG. THE CLASH OF WORDS.  
PRUSSIAN DIET VOTES SINEWS OF WAR.
3. “UNTER DEN LINDEN” NEVER RESOUNDED LOUDER. THE  
CLANG OF SWORDS. EMPEROR WILLIAM FIFTY-FIVE—  
VIGOROUS IN MIND AND BODY, THEY CRY.
4. YOU AMERICANS ARE FULL OF STRENGTH, COURAGE AND  
DARING WHEN IT BECOMES NECESSARY; BUT YOU ARE  
NOT ALWAYS PREPARING FOR EVILS AS WE GERMANS ARE.  
SHOULD YOU EMULATE US OR NOT IN OUR WORLD DOMI-  
NATION AND OUR PREPAREDNESS ON A STUPENDOUS SCALE?  
I ANSWER, NO!

### CHAPTER III.—*Germany Again.*

What are the basic elements of a nation's greatness?

Does war make for national greatness?

These two questions were propounded by a brilliant peace advocate sometime before the European war was believed to be possible! “If only a summary end could be put to horrible wars and dissensions. If the Germans would only remember that while they have been, even in their earliest history, distinguished above their neighbors for the preëminence of their military valor, but that to depend upon militarism in the Twentieth Century is a precarious way to gain the respect of the world——.”

"Stop right there," said the peace advocate to his companion, "we are wasting time. I no more believe that the Emperor William is intending war than I believe that I would overthrow or dethrone a nation's ideals and moralities if I reigned over it. Herbert Spencer declared many times that 'the decline of militancy and the growth of industrialism are what the highest society depend upon.' Why, only the other day the editor of *Die Friedenwarte* won the Nöbel Peace Prize, and said he thought highly of his Emperor's future in these respects. Undoubtedly war is a scar on a nation's industry, a blot on her history. The Emperor has expressed himself in the belief of the necessity of union between the nations of Europe. Good will they teach in the German gymnasiums is a greater protection than armies and navies; and Germany has been a party in the last ten years to a number of arbitration treaties, as we all know."

"Yes," said the other man, "and kept the Krupp factory going at full speed all the while; I wish I might be as optimistic as you are."

It is now many years since Felix von Lübke was thrown into prison in consequence of having published utterances which were pronounced insulting to the Sovereign. It was only an imprisonment of a few days but it gave his young wife a nervous shock from which she died. She was a beautiful woman of auburn hair and brown eyes, rather unusual in Germany. She had a sweet disposition and dressed and entertained to perfection. They belonged to the literary coterie of Berlin. Felix had written in a reflective mood, recalling the past in German history, not suggesting any new forms or institutions, but recalled the fact that the German rulers had held on to primitive things in many particulars. The manor was the domestic and social stronghold of the freeman within which his will was supreme and power was lodged in the assembly of patrician warriors. Is it not so today in a degree, he unfortunately remarked in his newspaper article.

Some years after the death of his wife, Gertrude, he came again to America and married our young "Pacific Coaster," whose aspirations regarding herself had actually come true. She owned a newspaper in a State which gave equal suffrage to women. Her father had become to be enormously rich since that day in 1850 when gold was discovered in California. Gertrude was the wife of Felix's heart; the "Pacific Coaster" was the wife of his brain. She was truly clever and he respected her opinions and was glad to rear his two boys in a State where they could not see an open salon. "The Emperor I see," he one day remarked, has foresworn his famous beer and choice wines. How everything is changing!"

When the Baroness von Süttner came to this country to lecture on peace and arbitration, invited by the Federated Literary Clubs of America, Felix von Lübke and his wife gave a dinner for her. "Think of a newspaper man," he said to his wife the next morning, "entertaining an Austrian Baroness. The old Leichtenstein blood of Austria would boil over at such a state of things. I must go back to Germany for a few weeks. Since I have listened to this lecture I feel *I must go* and talk in the old Academy of Berlin and warn them of what many people think is coming to pass—a big European war."

His wife looked at him with astonishment. "Do you suppose for a moment anyone would take heed? No! Felix, don't be so foolish. If they want starving thousands to care for, if they want to bring down the reproach of the whole world and make ruin and desolation, we must in this country be calm; that is our right. I have great respect for the Emperor, for I believe 'he that overcometh himself is greater than he that taketh a city.' That is enough glory, *nicht wahr?*" she quaintly said and looked up at Felix with a good-natured smile. But Felix had not taken the advice of his first wife, nor did he take the advice of his second wife. He sailed for Germany. He spoke in an oratorical way before a vast audience in Berlin the following: "Some day, instead of Germany fighting for conquest and expansion, she will fight for her very existence, if she persists in going to war in the twentieth century. The masses want peace. The vengeful policy of the Army want war. Keep on voting for your sinews of war. Why it is said you are even teaching the Turks your modes of warfare, and that Japan has stored away enough supplies from the Krupp manufacturers to help her take a nation. I am not trying to stir up a tumult; I am here in the interest of peace and good will. Ah! Germany, my *Vaterland*, the land of the great Reformation, the land of the printing press, of inspired music, the harmony of the soul, will you be so unwise as to bring on devastation upon your neighbors, slaughter and aggression, cruelty? Ah! let us have the *poesie des Lebens*, *Liebe! nicht hass! freundschaft, nicht feindschaft!* Recall the imposing scene when Prince Henry took his friendly trip to America—*Unter den Linden* resounded with joyfulness; will you cause it to resound with the clash of swords? The great Hohenzollern dynasty has had to contend, as one of your learned German professors teaches in your great university, with a thousand traditional private rights, and today there exists in Prussia 15,000 manors, the survival of the patrimonial authorities. These conditions could not be changed by the Sovereign alone but the Sovereign can change other conditions. Are you simply waiting for a pretext for war? It surely will come. Mark



my word! The Austrian Baroness von Süttner, who has been lecturing in America calls *war* 'systematic massacre.' 'You know that I myself,' she remarked, 'am an old warrior in the struggle to have nations understand one another. When I go home and tell the European women how it is that America is fifty years in advance of Europe, ethically, and especially the American women; how heroic and alert they are and that they are not for war and glory nor does the American press ridicule the peace advocates, they will scarcely believe me. Alas! we Europeans are filled with a struggle that never seems to attain that for which we struggle,' said she.

"It is pleasant indeed when foreigners receive such good impressions of the United States, for frequently the hurly-burly of politics, the turmoil, commotion and confusion produced by party politics, certainly does not humanize or reclaim us from barbarism. Then again this commotion is full of interest. When the Triumvirate as politicians called the three men in the arena not long since were contending. An American asked a foreigner: Who will win? The leading judge and jurist, a consistent servant of the State, a calm, amiable man by nature who works much for International Peace, or the leader who, because of the exigencies of the times, thinks a new and more progressive party is necessary, who because of his genius has in the past riveted the attention of the multitude; or the third man, scholarly, staunch in principles, logical, rhetorical and severe. Who will win?

"And the foreigner replied: 'How can I tell? That is what makes your American politics so interesting. One can never tell what will come to pass.'

"I wish to say to you before closing," continued Felix von Lübke, "that the Americans are very partial to Germany and feel a vital interest in all of its life and achievements, northern Germany and southern Germany. If Queen Louise is dear to their hearts, and the Teutonic knights and their restored castle interesting to historic students, and the amber coast of the Baltic—so is Maria Theresa and Beethoven's City, beautiful Vienna. If Baron von Stein was a great statesman in their estimation, Metternich had his superior qualities. If Handel and Bach and Mendelssohn charm them, so does Schubert and Bethoven and Strauss. If the visit of Prince Henry brought happiness to many in America, so has the recent visit of the Baroness von Süttner. Up and down the Rhine, to Dresden and Weimer, to Berlin and Danzig, to Cassel and Vienna, to Heidelberg and back to Jena and Dusseldorf and Leipsig—you certainly will not throw all of this genius into the pit of cruel war and make the world hate you.



The Americans have seen The Wartburg, Ehrenbrestein, The Thüringer Wald, Berlin, Dresden, Weimer. They know the art and industries, the poetry and song of the Vaterland, but heaven forbid that they ever come to know the Krupp manufacture. Heaven forbid!! I trust American women may never be employed as you employ one thousand three hundred at Essen."

The steamer on which Felix von Lübke sailed for home WENT DOWN. His last words were: "I tried to warn them—and may God receive my soul."

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From the amber shores of the Baltic to the blue Adriatic, the world has no peace, no comfort, no happiness, in consequence of the awful war constructed and sustained and persisted in, on principles one dare not define.

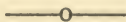
## PART II. ENGLAND AGAIN

"WAS GOVERNOR ST. CLAIR ACQUAINTED WITH THIS HOUSE?"

"A MAN EVIDENTLY IMBUED WITH A SENTIMENT OF ORDER, LAW AND PRIDE OF STATESMANSHIP."

"THE MOST SERIOUS INTERNATIONAL MENACE IS——," SAID THE ENGLISHMAN. I REGARD IT——."

"HE WILL CONSIDER YOUR POINT OF VIEW AS WELL AS OUR OWN. BUT REMEMBER," SAID THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, "WHATEVER THE ENGLISH DO, BE SURE IT WILL BE DONE BY THE ACT OF PARLIAMENT."



### SECOND PART.—*England Again.*

"And this is Scott's sword, a fine Damascus blade it is. How strange that I should see it away off here in the Middle States—and this you tell me is the portrait of the man who secured it, and who was wounded in that dark and dreadful night at Chippewa. Drummond fell within six feet you say? Scott belonged to the 103d Royal Regiment, as I recollect."

"Yes," she said, looking with a bright open countenance into the face of the English people who had called at her home to see this historic relic. "Will you not stay to dinner?" she politely said. "Your car can be accommodated in one of the garages near by."

"How will that be?" asked the leader. "Shall we reach the Lake in time for the conference if we delay? What do you think about it?"

"Ah! I fancy," said one of the ladies.

"Agreed then—thanks very many," they said, as they removed their wraps and followed their hostess to the dining room.

There were no tapestries in this splendid old house; there were no helmets and gauntlets and trappings of former ages—but there were portraits and books and prints, and silver and glass and mahogany, and above all there was a copy of the Declaration of Independence, the original of which Dolly Madison had saved in 1814, when the White House was burned by the British, and a large photograph of the Stuart portrait of Washington, which Mrs. Madison also saved at the same time.

The English visitors looked serious, but were very agreeable, replete with all that goes to make up their worth and superior minds.

"Did St. Clair know this home?" one of them asked.

"No, I think not—at that time here in New York such homes were being built—he was Governor of the Northwest Territory."

"Not a man of genius, do you think?" said the hostess, "but self-sacrificing, a quality Washington recognized in people and you know he gave St. Clair his friendship always. He was with Schuyler here in New York."

"But the government, how about that?" asked the English visitor, "for his services. A lodging place in the wilderness, the crater or cup containing his portion (the grail), I trust, nourished him. Ah! we Anglo-Saxons are like children making up our quarrels; are we not? But it will soon all be over and forgotten. I expect to speak at the Peace Conference."

"Oh! I wish I could attend; I never have been at Lake Mohawk, although it is so near."

"We have been taught to believe," she continued, "that the English did not feel their losses in America very much, that a country that soon came in possession of millions of Asiatics and who owns Hongkong, the Transvaal Colony, Canada, and what not, is about ready to be contented."

They all laugh at the vivacity of their hostess.

"Our Australia with her federal Union," said a lady of the party, "is surely ideal; wonderful climate you know \* \* \*."

"Perhaps Cecil Rhodes' dream will come true some day and Cape Colony will be federated like Australia," said the American hostess. "You were indeed clever to help Russia during the Crimean war. Your route to your Eastern possessions through the Bosphorus to the Mediterranean were secured in a diplomatic way. We travelled often through that portion of Europe," said she.

"What wonderful travellers you Americans are!"

"Yes," she replied, "we used to be much amused over some French people, their way of characterizing the English. 'The English,' they would say, 'desire for themselves and their country power and wealth, conquest, vast colonies, all the

Gibraltars and St. Helena's eagle's nests, by which all seas and all shores are commanded for one's self, aristocratic parks, seats in the House of Lords, a tomb in Westminster.' "

"Fine! I wish I could make the acquaintance of a Frenchman who is willing to admit all of this about us," exclaimed the Englishman.

"Thanks, very many again, for your kind hospitality. When you are in London come to see us; send your card at once; here is our permanent address," said the British traveler, a man evidently imbued with a sentiment of order and respect for rank, and pride of statesmanship.

"This has, indeed, been a pleasure; sorry to say Good-bye," said the winning hostess as she clasped hands with them all in a real good American fashion.

"Your home has reminded us of a typical manor house of Knight and Squire of England, most attractive; the large hall the most important feature of the early Saxon, you know. I wish I might know historical facts concerning the associations of this grand old New York home," said one of the English ladies.

"Yes," the other one remarked, "even the adornments, the chimneys, doorways, staircases all are so harmonious and beautiful. Do allow us to thank you once again for receiving us so kindly," she said, as she offered her hand to her hostess.

The Mohawk Lake Conference was opened with the following remarks: "The world is undergoing a marvelous change. The Christian Church is being called upon to set aside denominationalism; countries are called upon to break down the bitter national boundaries. Furthermore, the financial and credit system which has been built up to meet the needs of this universal trading has woven its network over all the earth and made every part of it sensitive to disturbances in the other part. International scientific expeditions and educational exchanges are now a part of the order of the day. International congresses and conferences make up the most conspicuous phase of international life with their splendid programs." Here he stopped and paused. The audience rose to greet the incoming speaker as the chairman said: "We have with us today a distinguished Englishman as well as our political missionary who has given \$1,500,000 for a Temple of Peace, a home for a permanent Court of Arbitration. How important are the conferences," he exclaimed, "as he took his seat, and the Englishman began at once.

"I declare without hesitancy," he remarked, "that the selfishness of armament manufacturers, their utter lack of patriotism or conscience in their trade of death is, according to the belief of many of us, the most serious international menace.



I trust we Anglo-Saxon people will make no more mistakes in our relations, but cultivate in every possible way peace and good will. We are soon to celebrate the hundred years of peace between the United States and Great Britain at Ghent. As many of you as can, come! and welcome! We have already so many beautiful American women married to our titled men who prize their wedding ring more than their diamond coronets that that relationship alone should bind us as nations more closely together. Let us forget the day when seven thousand two hundred and forty-seven English and Hessian soldiers laid down their arms and delivered their standards, and how mortified and rageful our King was. Let us rather remember that Sir Guy Carlton took possession, and things from that moment became more reasonable. In other words, let us recall the good and not the bad in our history and in yours."

The English party was fêted and banqueted all over America. The daughters of the Dowager Countess were thought to be ideal, resembling ladies such as Sir Joshua Reynolds painted, and the American women were never so happy as when listening to descriptions of English homes or its cathedrals or castles, Parliament, the universities, the galleries.

They were gorgeously entertained in Washington. The adieu on the steamer was truly touching. "Never mind," they cried out, "we will persuade Viscount Haldane Lord Chancellor to come in the future and talk to you about Law and Ethics; will you go to Montreal to hear him? He will consider your point of view as well as our own, for he is a great man. Good-bye and Good-bye," they said, as the big steamer moved slowly from her moorings.

England never seemed richer, never more beautiful, nor more abundant in its resources, more interesting socially. Lords, Dukes, Earls, British museums, Westminster, Oxford and Cambridge never appeared of more importance. Opulence, tradition, literature! "What have we not?" they asked of one another, as they settled down on deck, homeward bound. Yet they felt they had been on a charming vacation; seen a new world, lived in fresher air, in a great open country, breathing a different oxygen, throwing off the accumulative thoughts of centuries, beginning to think in more genuine ways. "Why would not these trips to America, if taken more frequently," said one of them, "do us a lot of good? It is a play ground compared to a school house."

It was indeed a school house, a hospital, a camp, a battle-field, a sinking navy and a destruction of life and happiness to which they were going. "The Red Book will tell you *why we are at war*," they wrote pitifully to their American friends.



"The tardy measures of our government to recognize these realities may surprise many of you ; the question whether South-eastern Europe shall be under Teutonic control and lost to Russian influence is only one among the many difficult questions this awful war will decide. See page 55 of our Red Book I am sending you. We all know the country which adheres to barbaric principles—that *might is right*. As to our peace pageant and celebration which was to have been held at Ghent, Ghent being in the grip of war, I think your idea of Lexington is good. Let us thank God that our two nations have been at peace for *one hundred years*, and hope that no more mutual distrust will arise. Let us cultivate the poise, self-restraint and unfailing intuitions of your fine President and our late British Ambassador Viscount Bryce. He ever praises the warm-heartedness of Americans, their compassionate sensitiveness for suffering and open-handed generosity which they are now, for instance, showing Belgium. The anarchy of force must disappear among nations as it has among individuals. More unselfishness, less greed. We are all guilty of it! Matthew Arnold, although delighting in "Sweetness and Light," admitted that he was not unselfish like his venerated father—

"Sadly we answer: we bring  
Only ourselves; we lost  
Sight of the rest in the storm.  
But thou would'st not alone  
Be saved, father, alone  
Conquer and come to thy goal—  
Languor was not in thy heart,  
Weakness was not in thy word."

"Unselfishness is the great lesson for individuals and nations. We have sent unselfish people to your shores like Lady Henry Somerset and the daughter of Lord Carlisle. You have sent earnest rich American women to our shores. Let us not forget the close relationship of the twentieth century. Should you rather be known for the astounding bravery of young Campbell, of the First Canadian Battalion at Givenchy, or of Commodore Perry, or of Kipling, who writes: 'Lest we forget—Lest we forget'; or as young Astor, who saves others and loses himself; or a young Robert Lansing, standing at the helm of the great State Department, drafting the American notes, to which comes the answer, Germany says she will recede from war-zone decree if Great Britain will raise foodstuff embargo. Which form of unselfishness appeals to you, young American men? Learn to stand for some one idea which will help the world.

## SCOTLAND

The Scotch family with whom we have already become somewhat acquainted was made up of men and women familiar with the world and its affairs. Having by marriage been united with the great house of Argyle, and the McH——s being people of character and calibre themselves, it is easy to understand the upward tendency of the careers of those who were brave enough in those early days to cross the ocean and seek their destinies in the new world. The brother, John McH——, succeeded a distinguished General in command in the Northwest in the early part of the nineteenth century, and Hugh McH——, his "Bonny" wife, lived a peaceful and beautiful life at their fireside, revelling in thought over the broad acres they had acquired, and the fine marriages of their children, one of whom returned to Scotland with her husband, a wealthy man, born to influence and govern others. A beautiful daughter with masses of golden hair puffed carelessly on either side, and aquiline nose, lips of pure coral cameo in cut brown eyes, became as many women in their age have become, intent upon the uplift of others; and spoke frequently on the platform in the interest of trade unions. She came to America and stayed with her dear old grandparents, who felt considerably worried over this public life their granddaughter had insisted upon.

"Father does not like it either," said the young orator. "But you know that is because he and I do not agree; and it worries dear mother I'm sorry to say——."

"Then why, my dear child," said the anxious grandparent, "do you persist in it?"

"I do not persist in it in any distempered feeling," she quickly replied, looking all unconscious of self, as she stood there in a gauzy black dress with the glow of the firelight on her splendid auburn hair and white throat, clasped by a strand of gold beads; "but you know, dear grandmother, father is so rich a man, he seems not to be aware of many conditions in his enormous business which I, as a young girl, have had time to study and ponder over the solution of, if there is a solution."

"What for instance?" asked the aged Hugh McH——of his charming grand-daughter.

"Well, you think it wrong if the poor chain makers act in their own defense in order to double their wages."

"Yes, I think it wrong, Catherine; it causes strikes and makes havoc with the affairs of a country."

"Well, then," said she, "let the bad results come to my account. I will go on trusting God for the oppressed; we women

are Nature's priestesses; our clear minds are fraught sometimes with divine messages. 'Go work in my vineyard.' A great woman in England heard this call and she went! And she is editor now of the *Woman's Worker*, which has a circulation of 50,000, and it was she who procured double wages at Cradley Heath for the chain makers.

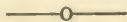
"I am thankful," said the dear, gentle-hearted grandmother, "that conditions in this country are indeed much better. Of course, your father knows best what wages to give his workers——"

"Yes, but I want to tell you, grandmother, that there was an official parliamentary dinner given to this great English woman whose figures presented in a platform speech were so convincing no one could fail to see the evil——."

"I should like to see them," said Hugh McH——; "are they anywhere in print?"

"Yes," said Catherine. "I have the pamphlet in my trunk. It begins, as I remember, with the legend of the Scotch thistle: Unperceived in the dead of night, and halting while their spies were trying to discern the undefended forts of their opponents' camp, one of the spies chanced to tread upon a thistle and the loud imprecations which the sudden pain occasioned aroused the unsuspecting Scots, who at once attacked the invaders, gained a complete victory and dubbed the plant which had been the means of their success, the Scotch thistle. That is what the working women in father's factories call me. Oh, they love me beyond anything," exclaimed Catherine. I am the Scotch thistle."

"You have, I see," said her grandfather, "a proud consistency of will, my child, but beware of arrogance and presumption. These great questions must be left to the ripening influences of time and not dragged into premature discussion."



## IRELAND AGAIN

On a certain evening an Irishman, also an orator, followed Catherine's speech. "Now," he said, "how the best intentions of British statesmen and legislators may be frustrated by sectarian sectionalism. The peculiar trait of Irish character wit even touches our religion sometimes. The spiritual and ethical training which other countries have enjoyed beyond us leads them into dense mysticism sometimes, while the bright green, the original element of things, shows out in Ireland in spite of the fogs.

"As a badge in Ireland, St. Patrick made use of the three-leaf clover to illustrate the doctrine of the Trinity, as the Edelweiss of Switzerland is dear to them; or the wild myrtle



to the clan Tartan." Just here he made a low bow to the Scotch lady, who had just spoken, so we lay great stress upon the three-leafed clover.

"You believe in Irish home rule—so do I. We are related. The Mayflower brought over one who served as Lieutenant in King Philip's War, equipped with gun, pistol, sword, halberd. The gun, they say, was seven feet four and one-half inches long, and weighed over twenty pounds. An Irishman born in Cork, a practical man, a scientist, also a soldier, a diplomat, a statesman he proved to be. And you have hung up his relics in your Pilgrim hall at Plymouth. I went to see them. I also bought some land nearby. Have you any objections. If so, I will return without paying taxes and let it be taken in again." The audience roared laughing.

You know the present-day conditions governing farmers in Ireland is calculated to make us rich. The rural credit system is indeed good. If applied here in America it might result in an impetus to your agriculture. It makes a wonderful difference whether land is tilled by tenants or by owners.

There is much regeneration going on in Ireland. Come over, all of you, to see the Emerald Isle, and you will observe bright, cheerful, pretty women, dressed in green cloth coats and hats with plumes, walking on our streets, rosy cheeks, and you will find no dust in our homes, for we are tidy and neat, and heir-looms are kept throughout generations. Just a little dirt and rubbish in Dublin. (Uproar of laughter.)

"'Nor war nor peace forever; old and young,  
But strength my theme, whose song is yet unsung,  
The people's strength, the deep alluring dreams  
Of truths that seethe below the truths that seem.'

"These lines were written by a modern Irish poet of America, and they are fine, according to my ways of thinking," he said, while he politely bowed himself off and down from the platform.

## PART II.

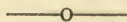
### HOLLAND AGAIN

THE SYMPATHY OF UPRIGHT AND INTELLIGENT MINDS.

BEARING VARIOUS SYMBOLS.

SPEAKING IN VARIOUS LANGUAGES TO EACH.

NO NOTE OF DISCORD PRODUCED BY OPULENCE.



### PART II.—*Holland Again.*

At the annual dinner given by the Holland Society in New York, one of the multi-millionaires declared that Holland stood supreme and alone among the nations as having in our own day



held in its capital The Hague, the Peace Conference which was called by the Emperor of Russia, and which was to be the surprise of many and the joy of all, succeeded in creating an international tribunal for the settlement of international disputes. "The civilized world," continued the speaker, never took before so great a bound forward, and history is to record that from the day of this meeting of the nations, in friendly brotherhood, desiring of banishing the foulest blot upon civilization the killing of man by man in battle, the world's triumphant march began 'Peace on earth; among men good will.'"

Near the speaker sat a typical Dutch woman, clad in scarlet velvet, embroidered in seed pearls and a corsage of gold thread and gems. Truly like the wife of Rembrandt did she appear. She was a queen amongst American Hollanders—a New Amsterdam Queen.

"Will you tell us, Mrs. Van Wart, what you have recently heard regarding the Netherlands?" said the Master of Ceremonies."

"I am unaccustomed to speak, Mr. Chairman, even at a banquet," she replied, "but for the love I bear my Motherland I shall attempt to tell you that a man most self-possessed familiar with rhetoric, I fancy, and with elocution polished and masterful in invective and humorous also, said in the hearing of a vast crowd only the other day that nothing in the history of the modern world has as yet so strongly and so worthily excited the sympathy of upright and intelligent minds as the struggle in which the Netherlands engaged in for independence, for their civil and religious liberties and never was a good cause more virtuously and gloriously defended."

"Good! great!" exclaimed the banqueters. "I must add," said Chevalier Van Oosten, rising from his seat, "that from the Dutch wars were the seeds of English Republicanism imported. Other people, seeing the prosperity of the Dutch, imputed it to the form of government or of their commonwealth, while others who had imbibed from their classical studies prejudices against a popular government warned themselves and others to beware of it."

The Honorable Nicholas Benkendorf was next called upon to speak. He said: "William of Orange in his quiet unpretentious palace at Delft, so unsuspecting in his nature, so ready for sacrifices of all kinds, so Christlike in praying for his enemies who took his life, left a new era with the seal of sacrifice stamped upon it. He was not a man of genius, as many others of our countrymen have been, and still are! but he accomplished in a comparatively short time the labor of centuries." Happy is the man who can so work. Let us not crucify our leaders, but try to understand them and their

missions. Leaders who dissipate the darkness of their epoch and throw light like Rembrandt's picture on 'The Night Watch.'

"You will all admit it requires consummate ability to be a great commoner. For instance, the lines have to be drawn so delicately. Goethe would have called in his day disloyalty in Germany many ideas and actions which today are permitted. One of our good Burgermeisters, Stephen Van——, used to say: 'Do not let unsubstantial dreams or audacity of utterance deceive you. Take the man who shows vigor and zeal and broad culture, such a man can bring great and new ideas into prominence; but first oblige him to reduce or formulate those ideas into principles well defined.' The practical side of reforms can alone be demonstrated by time. William of Orange was a staunch champion of popular rights as well as a great statesman. In Germany they say 'Napoleon revolutionized without reforming, while Luther reformed without revolutionizing.'"

The Queen of Holland was interested in hearing the reports of this dinner given in New York by the New Amsterdam people. The Hague had just been selected as the place for the meeting of the delegates chosen to consider Emperor Nicholas II.'s proposal for a conference which should seek to arrest or "put an end to the constantly increasing development of armament."

We are told by an eminent representative at this conference "that it is a curious fact that over the front entrance of the 'House in the Wood' which was arranged for the open session, there is a painting representing Peace descending from heaven, bearing various symbols, and apparently entering the hall. To this Netherland Minister of Foreign Affairs made a graceful allusion." Was it the genius of prophecy which caused one of Ruben's pupils to so decorate this hall?\*

When the Dutch people speak we have always observed that it is with much weight, not ponderous, but important and direct. An Amsterdam paper not long since referred to the present war as lamentable, horrible, and that the violations of laws, "the atrocious interpretations of treaties, the inhuman and devilish contrivances used to commit murder on a large scale \* \* \*" obliged one to ask if conscience still exists? When Belgium's neutrality was disregarded and submarines struck death blows over unprepared people—the torpedo that hit the *Lusitania* wounded the whole world," they exclaim.

Governor Stuyvesant in early days demanded the meaning of King Charles II. of England, giving over to his brother, the Duke of York, the province of New Amsterdam, without

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\*The Hon. Andrew D. White's Autobiography, by permission The Century Co., Publishers.

regard to the rights or feelings of the Hollanders—to be sure it was a small place of thirty houses”—but the fire of their hearthstones and the smoke ascending their wooden chimneys was kindled with laughter and song, and the ungainly wind-mills outside was proof that the people had families and meant to feed them.”\* Roger Williams, the great peacemaker of Rhode Island was not fonder of his security than they were of theirs! and the fur trade was as dear to them as anything the world knew of in 1626. Manhattan Island (twenty thousand acres) had been sold to them for twenty-four dollars†—but what of that? Is that any reason why the country now is called New York? Your reason, gentlemen, a reason I demand.

The President of the American group of the Interparliamentary Union said: I regard the establishment of a World Supreme Court, the High Court at The Hague, the greatest achievement of the last century, an organization now composed of over two thousand members of national legislative bodies, who believe in substituting law and justice for force or arbitration for war in the settlement of international disputes. Thirty-odd governments were represented at The Hague, the preference for peace against war in this enlightened age—for *law* and *order* and justice against anarchy of force.

Men of affairs assembled again at The Hague. The ball-room of the palace decorated in the Empire style and the dining-room whose walls are adorned with Netherland portraits were again opened. Order and law and fine consistence characterized everything. The little Queen is the fairy Queen of all. No note of discord produced by opulence. She had followed in thought and sympathy the difficulties of the first effort to make plans for a permanent tribunal of arbitration, the patient and earnest labors, the discouragement, the ridicule of the world—then she had spoken to each and everyone of the committee in their various languages. Now the great Peace Palace was to be dedicated. “What had not the golden rule wrought, through tedious experiences and reforming zeal.” “Now men of all nations walk arm in arm around the spacious walls with all allowances of view, of method, and of procedure”; then they assembled within its walls to listen to the Prime Minister of Holland welcome them in the name of the Royal Government. During the beautiful ceremonies of the opening of the Peace Palace, Mr. Carnegie was decorated with the Grand Cross of the Order of Orange-Nassau, while the church bells continued to ring.

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\*See Ridpath. Courtesy of the Review of Review Co., New York.

†2 Ridpath, Vol. I, page 203.



The President of the Foundation thanked the Queen and Prince Henry for their presence. Turning to Mr. Carnegie, he said: "You stand before the whole civilized world, before the forty-two States affiliated with the Permanent Court of Arbitration before the Sovereign of this country that became the seat of this world institution. Coupled with the Court of Arbitration, your name will pass to posterity as the founder of Temple of Peace. May the God of War never enter it."

The Queen of Holland's birthday was celebrated September 1st, 1915, by Hollanders gathered from all parts of California. Queen Wilhelmina is the Fairy Queen in the imagination during this awful European war.

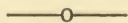
## PART II.

### ITALY AGAIN

HE WAS BUSY REMAKING ITALY.

THESE ARE SUFFICIENT TO GUIDE ONE, BUT NOT TO CHEER ONE.  
HARKEN, THAT IS MY FAVORITE ANTHEM.

AND PRAYERS FOR THE WELFARE OF THE COUNTRIES WILL BE  
OFFERED.



## PART II.—*Italy Again.*

Our young friends, the Italian and the German, were married at Florence, where Fräulein Caspar had studied art to great advantage. She had good feeling for classical antiquity and understood the literary side of the Graeco-Roman culture as well as the artistic. The renaissance meant to her a reformation, while she believed that the characteristic side of the Italian renaissance was painting.

They took a trip to America at a time when Italy was very restless, for she, like other European nations, was making another effort toward independence. Casterina believed that all life is continuous evolution. Nothing in the past of nations is lost. The present is only the outcome of the past. His wife believed that the Italians were always gifted; but that there was too much apathy among them toward vital subjects.

Both Casterina and his wife corresponded with Italian and German papers and periodicals while in America.

"How do the people in Italy contrive to support their decadence?" asked an ignorant and impertinent American one day.

"Through nonchalance, I suppose you think. What would Count Cavour have said to that?" he asked his wife.

"He was too busy remaking Italy," she said, "to listen to such idle questions, even from foreigners."



"Italy is a great nation" and "the only great nation in Europe," they claim, "not by conquest but by consent." Railroads have been built; the Alps have been tunneled; Campagna made more healthy; ignorance and immorality in the Southern peninsula largely overcome by the public system of education."

Casterina and his wife were one day wandering about among the churches—St. Peter's among others. The big doors of a side chapel swung open; the choir appeared in all its gorgeous array, marching to the music of the silver trumpets.

"Ah! this arouses one's inspiration, doesn't it," she exclaimed.

"It throws me into a meditative mood; I begin to question, Did the lowly Christ desire it? Is it right? From whence does its influence come? Whither does it go?"

"Hush! do not talk so much; someone will hear you."

"Observed in this big church? We are nothing more than mice here at the base of this big pillar where we rest. Mark my words, when that procession passes here not one will observe us."

Just then a sweeping figure moved slowly by. "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women." Swifter than an eagle and apparently stronger than a lion, this friend disappeared from Casterina's side as out through the church portals he flew with great haste.

Casterina's rich dark eyes lighted up with a southern glow. Both he and his wife were now far advanced in age. "Clara," he said to his wife, "the walls of separation between people of different denominations are sure to be broken down. Those of the world who are living so fully and unreservedly up to a great trust, who are so resolute in their convictions and belief, as you and I, will be called upon to give vivid transcripts of personal experiences and to the world they will possess the fresh charm of improvisation."

There came to her when other people talked to her in this vague way something dulled and discolored as rays of thought go through a disturbing medium and are refracted; but when Guiolano talked, something divine came into her soul.

"But religious rites must help us, dear. Think of Christ how he was misrepresented, reviled, and opened not his mouth. Hugo Basis' poem might also teach us."

"These are sufficient to guide one but not to cheer one. But there is a future for all souls who have breathed the highest things on earth—struggling, striving, suffering—there will result somehow a consciousness of tried power, of calm and fervent hope from hard-earned experiences."

"Harken! That is my favorite anthem the Pope's choir is chanting," she said, as she rose to leave this grand church

which Michael Angelo and Brunelleschi put together with their great genius.

"Out into the air once more," he said, "away from sculpture, the forms and conceptions and masses of ideas which have characterized my life and my ambitions. Let us go to see the Guido Reni's *Christ on Cross*, once again. 'Naught so observable in Rome,' the poet says, 'as that.'

"What a solace our work has been to us—our books and pictures and sculptures. Do you really think you will get that large and important order from America?"

"Yes, I believe I shall; but we must exercise so much patience, Clara, so much patience! The marbles in the corridors of the great Peace Palace at The Hague are to be the gift of Italy. I am one of the committee to select them——."

"Oh! do I beseech you let me go with you when you select them. How ideal would be the experience."

They had wandered far and wide on this evening, the nocturnal blues, and even the larches, were still discernible. "We will go to Holland when the great Palace is opened next year. You and I, Clara, you my dear, may then witness the great iron gates presented by your country, Germany, swing open; and hear the great clock strike, which Switzerland is to give; and we shall see men of all nations walk arm in arm—the British, the German, the Italian, the French, and even the Egyptian all will be there and the choir is to sing the one hundred and thirty-eighth Psalm and the Jubilate Deo, and prayers for the welfare of the countries will be offered.

"How great and glorious it will be," said his wife as her eyes filled with tears.

"This is a transition period in the world's history. I told you denominationalism will be broken down; the grand brotherhood is expanding. With Christ the Prince there is no respecter of nationalities or of persons.

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The awful and tragic incident which occurred at Serajevo, in Bosnia, and which served as the pretext for the terrific war of the nations, which has horrified the world, was almost in hearing distance of the old Italian Guiolano Casterina and Clara, his wife. "Hark!" he cried, "it is the Slavic tide turning in the direction of southern and southeastern Europe—with the Krupp missiles soon to let loose. Mark my word, Russia, with her hundred and sixty millions of people, are stirred!"

"And will Italy also be stirred," asked the trembling old wife of Guiolano Casterina.

"Ask me no more, Clara. I know not, but as the art world has searched with intense interest of the Mona Lisa, when she was supposed to be lost or stolen, so the political world will

search closely the motives of all of this. They may try to sound notes of optimism for the future of Europe, but, mark my word," he repeated, "neither the Pope's entreaties nor the prayers and supplications of the church will prevent the Italian people from going into a war if it comes——."

"And what will it all be for?" she exclaimed. "Ah! the beautiful Peace Palace at The Hague that we have left behind. Are Germany and Italy friends now? Ah, Guiolano, let us pray our Heavenly Father to control His world. Oh! must it come? What do you think? The church is opposed to war, is pacifist. She remains neutral in the midst of belligerents, doesn't she?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Guiolano Casterina and his German wife, Clara, did not live until September 2d, 1915, to read the headline in the papers to the effect that the Pope's hope to bring about peace in Europe through coöperation with the heads of neutral governments which was discussed by Cardinal Gibbons with the President of the United States; and also the great news that peace with Germany is at last may be assured to the United States.

## PART II.

### RUSSIA

YOUR DUMA AND THE COUNCIL OF THE EMPIRE.

SOLDIERS CAN TUG ON THROUGH MUD FACING FIELD GUNS.  
IN THE CITIES AND TOWNS WE ARE ALLOWED ONE ELECTOR FOR  
EVERY 4,000.

## PART II.—*Russia Again.*

While the Baroness von Süttner's book *Lay Down Your Arms* was being read in Russia the Grand Duke Constantine who died recently at the age of fifty-seven at Petrograd is said to have been influenced by an American woman's appeal on a different subject. As President of the Imperial Academy of Science, Head of the Department of Military Schools, and, strange to say, also President of the All-Russian Union of Christian working men, the Grand Duke had for years labored to find some solution to the Vodka problem. To overthrow this from a precipitous height of nine thousand prejudices, like the nine thousand rugged feet of the High Tatra, as the Russians call the western portion of the Carpathian Mountains, was indeed a herculean task before which he hoped to see accomplished forever since he met the handsome and clever American women from the South, who travelled far into Russia to carry the message with which her life and conscience



was imbued, he had pondered over this subject in a masterful way. "Equally hard problems were being solved elsewhere, why not in Russia?" he would say to the Czar.

The American woman had lived through the Civil War, had written a book which went through eleven editions, had travelled to Russia all alone, had related to Count Tolstoi the tragic details of her experience through the Civil War. Arriving at his house one day, having been driven there by an oxen team, stopping on her way to talk to some peasants, halting to watch a dance at the foot of some mountain range or encountering a Magyar woman in red headgear and red skirt and blue apron coming from a straw thatched cottage, she had ventured to say to one of them: "Your Duma and the Council of the Empire will soon sign a manifesto for freedom of speech, and then you peasants can tell the travelers about your troubles."

She looked with a vacant stare at the American woman and asked: "What is the Duma, anyhow? Is it them rich people who stand around the Czar?"

The Southern woman realized she might as well talk to a sign board as to the poor peasant woman, so she turned her attention to the next laboring man she saw along the roadside. "Can you tell me where Count Tolstoi lives?" she asked.

"Yes," he quickly replied, "that is all we peasants know. Up there," said he, as he pointed in the distance to a habitation.

"The Czar so high and heaven so far!" he exclaimed, waving his hand toward the sky, "give us some bright ribbons, lady, we will have a dance tonight."

"I'll give you some money," she said, "if you won't spend it for vodka. Never mind, after awhile Russia will get egress from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean and then on the beautiful Adriatic Sea there will be a Slav protectorate, they tell me."

"Know nothing about it," said the man.

"But if ever a French revolution comes, poor soul," she said to herself, "you will have to know something about it. But now go trudging on through the mud as the Russian soldiers face the field guns, regardless of principles of right and justice for the *time being*. Russia will gain its bureaucratic and conservative balance somehow and the autocratic Czar and the half million noblemen will manage for the best for the present."

The Southern woman met not only these peasants and Count Tolstoi and the Grand Duke Constantine through a member of the All-Russian Union of Christian working men, of which, as we have already said, he was President, but she met another titled man who declared that Russians had a heart and a soul and were a God-seeking people, and that the Czar will yet see the spiritual regeneration of Europe if he persists in his course.



"You may believe," said another American woman from the South, a very different type indeed from the one already described, "that my friend is perfectly correct and highly informed and knows the Czar at Court."

"They are good people at heart, always ready to help the suffering Armenians," she said. "They have ideals and the Czar can summon the great Slavonic host to his side at any moment."

"Well, I must confess—their political policies are hard to understand; the Germans like order and self-control; that I can understand. The Czar promises, but does he fulfill? The Imperial Court, the Imperial family, wars, martial law, control of the Cossacks, the power of Parliament over the Budget, they tell me, he and his nobles control.\*

"I am a property owner, Madam," said the Count, "and also a business man, although titled. In the cities and towns we are allowed one elector for every 4,000 while the agricultural peasant, comprising nearly eighty per cent of the whole population, is given one elector for every 3,000 of their number. Artisans and factory operatives who are socialistic in their political views are limited to one elector for every 90,000."\*

"It is certainly very generous of you to give me these figures," said she. "But of what earthly use can they be to an American woman, born in the South. My friend here is a dreamer and idealist; she cares for nothing of the kind. The romance of life is what interests her and that is why we are to be married soon and go to America."

"Some day," said the woman who was so deadly in earnest about the abolition of vodka, replied, "the Grand Duke Constantine predicts he can in course of time influence the Czar to have this deadly poison eradicated from Russian homes and he says when that comes to pass Russia will save \$900,000,000 by its prohibitory law."

These people sailed on the same steamer for America. Soon after their arrival the war cry went forth—Petrograd—Warsaw! Prince Leopold of Bavaria had led his victorious troops into Poland's ancient capital. With Warsaw captured, Riga falling and possibly other of the Baltic provinces, the Austro-German onslaught has caused the work of women like the Baroness von Süttner, who plead for peace and arbitration in her book *Lay Down Your Arms*, the American Southern philanthropist *Lay Down Your Vodka*, to feel as the young Ambassador, Count Broglie, is described to have felt with his official instructions for Poland in \* \* \* "full of triumphant pathos."

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\*Mr. Kennan in *The Outlook*, July, 1915.

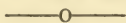
## PART II. CHINA AND JAPAN

THE NATIONAL THANKSGIVING DAY CAME AROUND.

IVORY PAPER CUTTERS, EMBROIDERED SILKS.

HE BETOOK HIMSELF ONCE MORE TO HIS TRACTS.

"WE ARE A GOOD, INTELLIGENT AND HAPPY PEOPLE," HE SAID.



### PART II.—*China and Japan.*

On the 4th day of July, 1831, President Monroe died, but today it is asserted that the Monroe Doctrine lives in the Asiatic world as in America. Many have feared that Japan would come forth "with warlike proceedings" as a peace advocate expresses it, "like a flash," as did other countries in this European war. Just what the Asiatic world is contemplating toward the great powers and toward herself is even difficult for missionaries and diplomats to surmise with certainty. In 1854 the United States and Japan completed a treaty between them for the privileges of commercial exchanges, conceded to America merchant vessels and two ports of entry were opened. Since that time many peculiarities of the Japanese civilization have disappeared. The young men who came to our universities to be educated impressed their teachers with their alertness of mind. Whether they have the heart and soul to believe "that life in spite of all appearances is worth living and there is love and goodness at the heart of things." In other words, whether it is difficult for them to have faith, their religious teachers tell us, they cannot quite discover. But they are eager to learn, and apparently they are buoyant and severe amidst all the changes and chances of the twentieth-century civilization. In their art they know how to concentrate and how to eliminate; their manual skill, as everyone knows, is faultless, their sense of color fine!—but where is the soul which one finds in European art. Possibly those who know them well could see in their bronzes and ivory carvings and lacquer work much spiritual meaning which others would not interrupt. At the Kioto Imperial University a young Viscount was urged by an American friend to come to this country and take an advanced degree under a very learned professor. "The diplomatic problems of the Far East, as we are apt to speak of all people of the Mongolian Race, are at times most difficult for us to understand," said his American friend; "you will interest your professors." The Japanese looked wise but said nothing. Presently he remarked: "The missionaries labor hard to explain to us what they call the vital principles of Christianity, but sometimes I think our minds are harassed rather than comforted by the

doctrine of the Trinity. The wandering people north of the great ranges of the Himalayas sometimes are more grateful than we to those self-sacrificing missionaries. Pundita Ramabi, from India, for instance, the most scholarly woman in India. I must tell you what she said when she came to America. "You tell me and point out the Presbyterian Church, the Episcopal Church, the Methodist Church, the Baptist Church—where is the Church of the Christ?"

The Japanese said: "Poor Ramabi! She has worked for five years on a translation of the Bible and at present has fifty assistants. Denominations are hard for our people to understand, so I am not surprised that she was troubled."

This Japanese Viscount came to America. The National Thanksgiving Day came around. He was invited, with other students who were taking advanced degrees, to the home of one of his professors to dine, to partake of the great American turkey. He arrived just at the right moment, faultlessly dressed, showed fine manners and had the very best conversation, but every time a new course was offered he would turn to his hostess and ask if he could be helped to rice again. Fortunately the hostess, at the suggestion of her thoughtful husband, provided an abundance of rice. Just as the guests rose from the table the door bell rang and a large basket was set inside the hall. The Viscount asked his host if this could be carried to the drawing room. When all were seated he opened these various packages containing ivory paper cutters, embroidered silks, dainty pieces of lacquer ware. "It is our custom," he said, bowing to his professor and his wife, "when we are entertained by strangers and such hospitality as you have given me today, to bring gifts as recognition of your kindness." Then he entertained all the company by relating the story of the wedding journey of his sister which lasted two weeks and every place they stopped they had to give costly presents which almost impoverished his father.

"Ah! you Japanese know what you are about," said the professor laughing. "You are clear-headed and strong and determined to seek the truth in all directions, and learn *justice* and love to your neighbors, so that your young people will be inspired as we Americans are with our ideals."

\* \* \* \* \*

Twenty years have passed since the Thanksgiving Dinner. In all these years to our certain knowledge Japan has been buying war supplies from Germany, filling up arsenals, looking ahead, and now, August 29, 1915, she decides to assist Russia by increasing her output of war munitions. From Petrograd comes the news that Japan is preparing to mobilize her entire industrial resources for this purpose.



## CHINA.

Although the Republic of China, it is supposed, will soon revert to a Monarchy, yet we Americans will never cease to feel an intense interest in all facts concerning China. In the year 1873 one hundred and twenty Chinese lads of the best families were sent to America to be educated. Tsai Ting Kan spent nine years in America, so we are told by Rev. Dr. Loomis. He became a convert to Christianity and was very happy until his wife and children died from plague in 1903, where he had served his own country in war. This caused him to lose his faith; he became a skeptic, but afterward in meeting Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Loomis in Peking, he told them "he had again found faith. Religion should enable us to bear with fortitude the trials of life," he declared, "was what it must stand for."

When we remember that China contains twice the area of the United States, and that she is almost Christianized, it recalls the small beginnings. In 1833 a young Chinese took a tract handed him by a tract distributor on the streets of China, and when he fell ill dreamed he saw an old man, who said to him: I am the Creator of all things. Six years later the English entered the River of Canton, took the Chinese forts, this young Chinaman was afraid, as all were. He hunted up his tracts and became a sincere believer in Christ in a fashion of his own. God was the Creator, Jesus was the elder brother and heavenly teacher of mankind. Idolatry was to be overthrown, virtue practiced. He accepted his mission, made many converts, formed a Society called God-worshippers. Confucius was renounced. They baptized themselves, cured the sick by prayer. In 1850 this movement assumed a political form. An insurrection arose. These people had faith in the Bible, the Sabbath was kept; three cups of tea put on the altar as an offering to the Trinity; they celebrated the communion once a month; they believed in baptism and confession of sins.

The history of the revolution by Ti-Ping. ✕ What a wonderful story this is.

Recently a speaker from the heart of Asia talked to a New York house: "Peace is light; war is darkness. Peace is life; war is death. Peace is guidance; war is misguidance. Peace and amity are factors of existence; war is decomposition or lack of existence. To educate public opinion and bring influence to bear upon our national life upon this subject will be one of our future missions. That and making ourselves a Republic!



Cheer after cheer went up. "We are a good, intelligent, and happy people, amiable and kind and hospitable. Also Christians and Republicans," continued the speaker.

At the International Immigration Congress Kee Owyang, Chinese Commissioner to the Panama Exposition, said the United States is the only one of the great powers which has not abused China—for commercial gain. But naturally he found fault with the operation of the Chinese Exclusion Act. It is "unjust and a breach of treaty," and the only cause of friction between the two countries. (Press communication.)

Here is a Chinese student's summary of the war's causes, as published in a Shanghai paper: "Now there is a great battle in Europe. This began because the Prince of Austria went to Serbia with his wife. One man of Serbia killed him. Austria was angry, and so write Serbia. Germany write a letter to Austria, 'I will help you.' Russia write a letter to Serbia, 'I will help you.' France did not want to fight, but they got ready their soldiers. Germany write a letter to France, 'You don't get ready, or I will fight you in nine hours.' Germany, to fight them, pass Belgium. Belgium say, 'I am a country; I am NOT a road.' And Belgium write a letter to England about Germany, to help them. So England help Belgium." Who can do better in the same space?

## PART II.

### SOUTH AMERICA

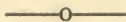
THE ELECTRIC SPLendor UPON THE MARBLE STEPS OF THE  
PAN-AMERICAN BUILDING.

THEY WERE THE PEOPLE FROM BRAZIL, PERU AND CHILE.

TEN YEARS AGO HOW WAS IT?

"\* \* \* THE HIGHEST DEGREE OF PERFECTION IN SOCIETY."

"\* \* \* OUR RELATIONS UPON A BASIS OF TRUE AND HONOR-  
ABLE UNDERSTANDING."



### PART II.—*South America.*

It was a very dark night, but the electricity throughout the City of Washington dissipated the gloom and blazed forth in unusual splendor over the broad marble steps of the Pan-American Building—while the fountain to the right of the entrance, gift of a multi-millionaire (a woman), sent forth its prismatic hues in a dazzling beauty in all directions.

The ladies attending the exercises announced for that evening held on to the arms of their escorts, and lingered about the fountain in animated conversation, praising the mind that

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\*James Freeman Clarke, *The Ten Great Religions*. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

conceived this plan of having for the South American people, during their visits to Washington, this beautiful and splendid hall, where could convene their great men as well as our own in mutual interests and debate. "How much this has helped," remarked one of this party, "to overcome the prejudice which writers and travelers harp so often about the people in South America who entertain or think that our government or the big North Country, as they call it, is determined to injure their prospects."

"Ah! there's nothing in that," exclaimed one of the men, "just the British and German trade merchants, always telling them to give their commerce and railroads to them, for they say: 'You know we cannot conquer your territory, but watch out for Uncle Sam.' I've heard this talk, but the South American is getting his eyes opened and while the Mexican war and the Spanish-American war with its conquest of Porto Rico and its Cuban protectorate, and later only Panama seized, you can't wonder they were suspicious. Hush! there come a lot of them now, and Mr. Root and Mr. Bryce are with them. Do you see?"

"We are not so early after all. Come, let us go upstairs immediately."

"Ah! how beautiful these upper corridors are—all hung with banners. How fine!"

"But let us go and get seats and watch the audience assemble."

Just then some very elegantly-attired people arrived clad in velvets and laces, gems and jewels—wealthy people from Brazil and Peru and Chile, we were told, stopping with the Brazilian Ambassador.

The speaker began by telling the audience why they were assembled on this particular evening, and how the United States was fast taking on the Latin-American trade. Statistics prepared by the National City Bank, of New York, show that not alone South but also Central America is busy with exports and imports—Argentina, Brazil, Santo Domingo, Cuba, Venezuela, Peru, Colombia, Uruguay, Chile—all owing to the Pan-American Conference and the visits of Mr. Root, Mr. Knox, Mr. Bryan, Ex-President Roosevelt, Mr. Burton, etc. "How charming," exclaimed the speaker, "to refer to the facts before this interested audience in this splendid, cheerful building. This is indeed twentieth-century progress and good will and peace on earth. The Christ of the Andes, with His all-transcendent love, will yet preside over the nations as He does between Chile and Argentina. 'Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust, than Argentines and Chilians break the peace which at the feet of Christ the Redeemed,

they have sworn to maintain.' Would that such a sentiment might be engraved as a landmark between the belligerent nations who are wasting the blood of their youth and manhood in horrible wars."

The following conversation took place between an American woman and a Brazilian, who were afterward married.

"Oh! yes, indeed, I like you and admire you, but I do not like your work."

"Then you need not like me," he said; "my work is myself. We are far more cultured and scientific and intellectual than —."

"And sensitive!" she added.

"Than you Americans, but many times you have sent your criminal classes to our shores, and yet Columbus discovered America and he was a Spaniard, and Spain was once the richest of modern countries—billions of gold were carried to her from Peru, where the temples were lined with gold."

"I think as Americans," she said, "we fully appreciate *Columbus*. His statue is soon to be unveiled here in Washington, you know, and the Spanish and Portuguese languages are studied in all of our universities, and I hear they are establishing scholarships for South America for South American young men who cannot support themselves——."

"Why need they do that?" he answered; "we are a proud, strong, wealthy, self-conscious nation; all we ask is international honesty and fair dealing."

"And you might add," she remarked, for she also was spirited and angry and ruffed, "the knowledge of religion of the Lord Jesus Christ and the Bible. I've been told your newspapers publish Bible stories and your statesmen say to the editors: That was a good story; where did you get it? Religious literature is needed and a standard of high morals —."

"There!" he exclaimed, "that is enough. What about the conduct of your sailors and consuls and grafters who only a few years ago were sent to us?" "When we want to know about mercantile or international law we always go to the British. In 1914 we thought we would accept a German alliance or the aid of the Japanese arms to save ourselves from the Americans of the North and Yankee Imperialism."

"When we want to know about mercantile or international law we always go to the British. In 1914 we thought we would accept a German alliance or the aid of the Japanese arms to save ourselves from the Americans of the North and Yankee Imperialism."



"What on earth are you two quarreling about?" asked their friend, as they walked leisurely back to their lodging places after the meeting described above.

Neither of them answered. It was a deeper quarrel than had appeared and a deeper interest.

"We had Tetrzinni in Brazil lately," said the South American, "and we threw our jewels at her feet—divine singer. We lead in taste for music and in selection of Worth's gowns for our women as 'in many important things.'"

"Unsanitary conditions and the Panama incident are all you need leadership about." "In the price of wheat and beef, coffee and rubber, and the race track, the most recent French novels, etc."

"In culture and education, commerce and finance, how superior Europe is to America!" he exclaimed.

"Here, let us make up and stop this wrangling—South America has a great future! her latent wealth, the kind and sympathetic disposition of her people, their *genius*, will soon tell upon the world, and the floral offerings they sent a White House bride not long since showed fine and beautiful sentiment.

"And now," she said, "being over our quarrel and thoroughly convinced of sublime friendship, let trust and security be established with us, as it should be understood by our nations."

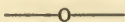
## TURKEY AND THE BALKANS

### PART II.

"TO CONFISCATE ALL ITS MEANS OF PROPAGANDA."

THE BITTERNESS. THE INJUSTICE.

FROM BEIRUT UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE FACULTY OF THE  
SYRIAN PROTESTANT COLLEGE.



### PART II.—*Turkey and the Balkans.*

The event of the summer of 1914 took the world at large by surprise. As to the opinions, intentions and preparations of the Admiralty and the Foreign Office—people in several countries. Many people believe they were waiting for an opportune moment, a sufficient pretext, a just motive, for going to war—yet as bodies or organizations such as standing armies and navies, the mechanical preparedness was all they had to be concerned about, since they were soldiers at heart—most of them—and believed that *might was right*. Or as all the German Reichstag and the English Parliament and the Russian Duma and Council of the Empire had to concern themselves about was the money loans and supplies.



The greatest responsibility, therefore, fell upon the Czar, the Emperor of Germany, the King of England, the the President of France. Within the confines of Serbia the work which aroused the nations was accomplished.

To dissolve the society called "Narodna Odbrana," to confiscate all its means of propaganda and to proceed in the same manner against the other societies and associations in Serbia which are giving themselves up to propaganda against the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. This, among other requests, was what the Royal Government demanded. To eliminate, to dismiss, to proceed, to prevent, to give explanation, to advise, etc., constituted the contents of the note relating to the results of the investigation opened at Serajevo, which was ordered to be published on the front page of the Servian Official Journal, dated July 13-26.

"After all," she said, "it is the Austrian occupation so much talked of in Berlin after the great Berlin Conference of Diplomats in 1878—the bitterness, the inflamed 'soul of honor'—the Bosnian held dear to his heart the pride of self and country, the trespass of boundary and occupation, impalpable, shadowy, unsubstantial, until the dagger or implement of death imparted to the Grand Duke and Duchess the final blow."

"'And now what?' the cry that went forth from the Russians coming upon us in double quick time, as though we had not enough sorrow to bear! France and England to help Russia, and Germany, with her big guns, to help Austria's arms and ammunition. Where is arbitration? Where is diplomacy? Where is peace? Will no one concede the principle upon which such horrors rest? Does fear possess the world? There is a common enemy or the world massacre could never threaten us. International Ties! What about international anarchy? What about distorted consciences and want of air and elbow room? What about health and salvation? What about international order and law? What about international conciliation and arbitration?

Will the Serbian Blue Book tell you?

Will the German White Book inform you?

Will the English Red Book impart the secret?

Will the French Yellow Book share with you the truth?

Will the Red Austrian Book bestow the awful secret, or the Belgium Gray Book, or the Italian Green Book?

Will "American Verdict on the War" settle the matter?—confer, reveal, the unbiased equitable just and fair answer, or will Siberia give us some hints, or the Dardenelles offer some solution for the basic cause of this titantic, awful war?

"When we have found the right, then," in the words of our President, "we can condemn the wrong."

The Turks permit the Red Cross insignia Christianities to be used by the Red Cross Hospital at Beirût, and by the medical mission which the Society has sent from Beirût under the direction of the Faculty of the Syrian Protestant College, to accompany the Ottoman expedition into Egypt. But their own medical corps use the red crescent.

Ah! if they will only learn to look upon the Red Cross, not as their enemy, but as their salvation, then can the massacres in Armenia stop, the Russians receive their due amount of thanks, and Turkey can compete with the rest of the world in the coming of peace and good will, joy and safety.

James Freeman Clarke says: "The Arabian prophet's work is done. It is a hard, cold, cruel, empty faith which should give way to the forms of a higher civilization." Its military strength has heretofore been in its steady and remorseless character—but even that can be changed by the high ideals of the twentieth century.

The wonderful advantage in representative governments or commonwealths "which are governed, not steered, which issue orders and give directions for the common good," is that if those in authority make mistakes or foster evils, the people soon find out, and by the great practical questions that divide parties the system of rotation in office, &c., they bring "the body politic" back or restore it to its original conditions—unless, indeed, the evils have taken too deep root!—but even then, with God's supreme authority over all, and recognized by the people, a government like that of the United States can always recognize its vital principles.

May our Christianity and Nationality help to strengthen, not complicate, INTERNATIONAL TIES.

















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